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The Classical Journal

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST AND SOUTH
WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW ENGLAND
AND THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC STATES

Volume XVII

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Number 3

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THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, with the cooperation of the
Classical Association of New England and the Classical Association of the Pacific States

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Editorial

THE ELEMENT OF INTEREST

The proper place of interest in the educational scheme is a question much complicated by the extremists who profess to be experts, but whose main business too often seems to be to get glory to themselves by supplying a "scientific justification" for what the public appears to want. It may be well, therefore, to look into this question somewhat dispassionately.

In the first place, however highly we may rate the value of a prescribed course of study, and though we may hope that the pendulum will ultimately swing back in that direction, the fact remains that for the present, and for some time to come, the study of Latin will be mostly on an elective basis.

Second, it is not to be expected that, on a purely elective basis, Latin will be able to hold its own automatically in the schools. For whether or no the high school student is at an age when he may safely be trusted to select his course of study wisely, as a matter of fact he is pretty much at liberty to choose what he will; and Latin does not enjoy the reputation of being an easy and attractive subject.

Under these circumstances, it is clear that it will no longer serve baldly to offer the old Latin course of the days of prescription, bidding the student take it or leave it; in most cases he will be only too glad to leave it. Rather, some definite plan of campaign must be developed to meet the new conditions.

Of course, considerable progress has already been made under this head; for example, in the direction of the attention of parents

to the school work of their children. Literature for use in this connection is now fairly abundant; and both parents and administrative officers are impressed by concrete exhibits designed to show the "practical" value of the study of Latin, notably its relation to the pupil's command of English, a subject to which much attention has been given of late.

If we are left to deal with the student himself, it is his interest that must be appealed to in some way or other; for it does not accord naturally with high school age to forego present ease and pleasure in favor of hard work that may later yield valuable fruit. It is the impulse of youth to seize the desired thing that is within reach, and to take a chance in regard to the future.

Especially in the larger schools, attractive extra-curriculum activities abound. These take time; and if equal credit toward graduation and college matriculation is given for subjects that involve little drudgery, why tie one's self to a "grind," especially in view of the fact that the great lights in education have made the joyous discovery that "the educational value of all subjects is the same"? A practical illustration is seen in the case of a lad who found that he had not the time to keep up with his Vergil class, and transferred to a "science" in which the back work could be read up in a day or two, and full credit secured by taking a little test on the same.

In college work, too, a like difficulty is being encountered. Here the pressure of extra-curriculum activity is at the maximum; and the vastly increased enrolment of late years almost inevitably is establishing as the norm the huge class that runs up into the hundreds, and which meets a lecturer three times a week, laughs at his jokes, reads a book or two, passes a test,—and registers three units toward graduation.

A subject like mathematics, which is still prerequisite in so many lines of work, holds its own pretty well even against such competition; but the case of the classics is hard indeed. Few students have the time and the will to submit themselves without compulsion to the demands of a course that ties them down to regular careful preparation. Partly to meet this condition, and

partly to enroll more students, college departments on every side are setting up Greek and Latin courses in English.

Such courses offer the student something that he can handle with as little difficulty as a lecture course in economics, let us say. Meanwhile prophets are not wanting to spread the glad news that everything of value in the study of the classics can be reached through translations, and that while others foolishly fought to win the prize, it is now possible to be carried to the goal on flowery beds of ease. Without pausing to consider this question, it is suggested that college departments of classics will do well, before instituting courses in translation, to consider what effect this action will have upon the genuine study of the languages and literatures concerned. Under present conditions of college work a grave danger lurks here.

Returning to the problem of the schools, aside from spirited and up to date teaching, how may we legitimately appeal to the student's interest? Latin plays and Latin clubs have proved helpful; and, in general, they are to be recommended, if they can be introduced without sacrificing the real business of the course. The inroads that they make upon the student's time need to be carefully watched.

Some recent discussion in the *Observer* touches upon an element of interest which most of us would heartily endorse as in the highest degree desirable. The main proposition follows: "Hard languages are good for boys, as bones are good for puppies' teeth. But the teleology of the bone would be falsified, if the puppy did not find it attractive enough to persevere with." These words inspire an elderly correspondent, who designates himself "Old Crock," to give an account of his own experience with Latin when a lad. He confesses frankly that he was quite at sea at the start, and opines that he never would have succeeded but for the good management of his coach.

The idea of the latter was simplicity itself. He began with the general sense of a passage as a whole, later developing the details and the grammar. As soon as the boy grasped the idea of the passage, and saw that his author really had something to say, he

felt that he was getting a return for his effort; in other words, his interest was aroused, and the battle was won.

Unless we belong to the extreme group which holds that in the schools "Latin should not be taught as an end in itself,"¹ we shall probably heartily agree that the boy was right in requiring, as a condition of his interested coöperation, that he should be made to feel that, in dealing with a Latin author, he was coming into contact with a real personality and an intelligible message.

It may not be pleasant to face the fact; but it is undoubtedly true that numerous students in the schools have never found their feet in Latin, and flounder about in the manner of the lad above referred to. If anyone doubts the accuracy of this statement, he is referred to the reports rendered from time to time by Professor McCrea on the results of the examinations of the College Entrance Board. Confronted with an easy passage, many a student attacks it without hope of extracting any sense from the Latin, and offers a "translation" consisting of a jumble of English words that mean nothing to him or to the reader.

Under such conditions, how can we expect a pupil to be interested in Latin? And are we not in duty bound to search diligently for ways and means to supply the essential basis of interest that only a real understanding of the text can afford? Under this head two suggestions are offered:

1. Filling the gap between the beginning book and Caesar. At this point of abrupt transition, thousands fall out of step and can never regain their place in the line. Already very promising signs are seen in the growing popularity of the plan whereby beginning Latin is spread over three half-years. On this basis it is possible to lead up to Caesar by means of easy graded readings; and with such preparation, in some schools at least, it is found feasible to read four books of Caesar in the fourth half-year, with noteworthy gain in efficiency and interest all along the line.

2. Reorganization of the work of the third year. So far as the fourth year is concerned, Vergil seems to meet the requirements as well as any author could; but for the third year it is

¹ Cf. Report of the Committee on the Junior High School Syllabus in Latin (State of New York, 1921), p. 1.

questioned whether six orations of Cicero form an ideal programme. At least three things can be said in its disfavor.

First, though a competent and devoted teacher can handle the orations in such a way as to make the study exceedingly valuable, the content of such a course lacks in attractive power; at any rate our heaviest loss in enrolment is just at that point. With more attractive reading matter in the first half of the third year, more students might be induced to continue the subject beyond the two-year minimum.

Second, in view of the slow progress in the reading (six orations in a whole year), there is too much sameness in the programme. Even in college classes, which cover ground so much more rapidly, the student wearies of the sameness of his text, and it is often found a good plan to include two authors within the limits of a single half-year.

Third, the thought units are too large to be handled comfortably by young pupils who know little Latin, and who perforce must proceed very slowly. Thus it is said that the Manilian Law is easy; but even the earnest student easily gets lost in the largeness of the treatment, and is often quite mystified as to what it's all about. A series of stories, each complete in thirty or forty lines, would serve infinitely better as a starting point.

Cicero's Orations, of course, would be retained for the second half of the third year. But cannot we make a legitimate appeal to the interest of our pupils by providing a more attractive menu for the first half of that year? Specially helpful at this point would be a collection of readings that reveal with some clearness the everyday life of the Romans. Here something could be learned from the methods adopted by modern language teachers.

H. C. N.

INTER NOS

In spite of many grounds for encouragement, it is clear that the future of classical studies still lies on the knees of the gods. The present is no time for lethargy, nor is it a time for repining. Other subjects and doctrines are being crowded to the fore. Devotees of the classical today have a stern obligation and at the same time an extraordinary opportunity.

Membership in the Association

Our duties to classical scholarship under these conditions demand of us vigorous coöperation in every possible effort at promotion of the cause. In the territory which it covers, the Classical Association of the Middle West and South offers the most opportune means of such coöperation, and every member of the Association may properly consider that he is performing an important service for the classics in urging upon all teachers and patrons of Greek and Latin the privilege and duty of membership and of participation in the benefits of THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL. While the numbers of the Association are constantly increasing, hundreds of teachers still are not counted in this alliance. The officers of the Association urge its members to assist actively in bringing the claims of the organization before those who are not yet connected with it. If every classical teacher in our thirty states would join the Association and read the JOURNAL regularly, our educational status and our standards of scholarship would without question be greatly improved. Send in one new membership this month.

Advertising in the Journal

After sixteen years THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL has now begun to publish advertising in its columns. This new policy, which was authorized at the last annual meeting, is expected to be of service to members of the Association by way of acquainting them with books, slides, films, and other products in which classical teachers are interested. At the same time it is hoped that the financial returns will make it possible in these difficult times to publish a larger and better magazine and to promote activities important for our cause. In this matter the members of the Association can render a double service. When writing to advertisers, take pains to mention the fact that the advertisement was seen in the JOURNAL; in many cases this will be the advertisers' only means of checking. Also, be sure to notify the president or the secretary concerning reliable firms who might find it profitable to use advertising space. Still better, if occasion offers, bring the matter personally to the attention of firms or individuals of your

acquaintance. You can assure them that the space is worth while; the JOURNAL is read by more than 4,000 classical teachers and students, having by far the largest circulation of any periodical of its kind. Furthermore, from native interest some persons will be glad to include their names in the advertising pages, even if full recompense be more or less uncertain. Rate cards may be obtained from the president or the secretary.

The Annual Meeting

Plans are under way for the program of the annual meeting of the Association April 13 to 15 at the University of Wisconsin. The committee will be glad to learn of any studies or experiments which might be suitable for presentation at the conference in Madison. It may not prove possible to include in the program all papers offered, but the committee will be glad of the opportunity to consider many offerings. Suggestions along this line should be sent to the president at an early date.

C. H. W.

CICERO AND HIS CRITICS¹

BY M. S. SLAUGHTER
The University of Wisconsin

St. Jerome, sick of a fever, beheld in a vision the judgment seat and heard himself asked the question—"What art thou?" "A Christian," he answered. "No," came the accusation, "thou are not a Christian, but a Ciceronian, since where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also." This fourth century saint had once confessed himself an abandoned sinner because he could not refrain from reading Cicero even on fast days.

It was the spirit of Cicero's writings, particularly the philosophical works, that held captive the soul of St. Jerome. And he was not alone among the Church Fathers in devotion to Cicero. St. Augustine was, on his own testimony, converted to Christianity by reading the *Hortensius*—a lost work of Cicero—an exhortation to philosophy:

Ille vero liber mutavit affectum meum et ad te ipsum, Domine, mutavit preces meas, et vota ac desideria mea fecit alia—that book turned my love to Thee, O Lord, so that I desired the immortality of wisdom with an incredible burning of the heart and I began to arise and return to Thee.

And so the philosophy of Cicero passed into the Church and became part and parcel of her teachings; became absorbed into whatever intellectual life there was at this time, the four or five centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire. It is quite beside the mark to protest that Cicero's philosophical works are of no real or independent value. Mommsen says, "With equal peevishness and precipitation Cicero composed in a couple of months an entire philosophical library." It is true that in rapid succession, in a short space of time—about two years—at the most distressful period of his life and of that of the Republic, Cicero published a

¹ Read at the seventeenth annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, St. Louis, March 25, 1921.

number of treatises on philosophical subjects, mainly ethical, largely adaptations from the Greek. They are not without merit in themselves though they may count for little in the history of philosophy by the side of their greater Greek equivalents. To the Church Fathers of the fourth and succeeding centuries and to the occasional layman, Cicero was one of those who

quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt (Lucr. II:79)—
like runners hand on the lamp of life—

To this audience all this has long been familiar. For twenty-five years we have been heavily in debt to Zielinski (*Cicero im Wandel der Jahrhunderte*). I shall not repeat his many illustrations of Cicero's influence in the intervening centuries. Cicero was never lost sight of though the lamp of learning did not always burn brightly. In the poor schools, even those of the Church for technical training in theology, Cicero had a part. During the Middle Ages he shared with Aristotle a sad eminence in the dialectical programmes of the time. In the universities of the 11th, 12th, 13th, and even 14th centuries, the classical authors had less and less place and we hear John of Salisbury pleading for the Authors, among them Cicero. In these centuries, the classical authors had been crowded out by the practical subjects. Students then were not unlike students now. The popular branches were medicine and law, and in the law one branch especially caught the fancy of the students. This was "that pearl of knowledge"—*ars dictaminis*—the art of writing letters and formal documents; a forerunner of our courses in business correspondence.

To the demands of the practical was added clerical feeling against the pagan classical authors. Logic, dialectics the Church favored, and the study of Aristotle flourished. John of Salisbury laments that the students praised Aristotle and despised Cicero.

Specialists occupied with the history of these centuries point to the fact that a "backwoods" Europe was being transformed into a country of well built cities, good highways and all the other trimmings that go with economic development. This accounts for the prevailing tone of these centuries and the practical turn that was given to all studies, even those in the Church schools.

With the rise of humanism Cicero came again into his own, when Petrarch in the 14th Century became the inspiration of the Classical Renaissance. This story, too, is familiar. This first modern man of letters found his chief inspiration in Cicero. At times fighting against, at times surrendering to the spirit of the mediaeval church, Petrarch devoted himself to the study of the Latin classics making of them living men, not shrouded nonentities, not lay figures on which to hang dissertations on words and phrases, that "distemper of learning" against which Roger Bacon had rebelled.

With eager avidity Petrarch read and appropriated the philosophical and rhetorical works of Cicero and by chance stumbled upon a manuscript of Cicero's letters to Atticus. The personal revelations of these intimate letters of Cicero greatly disturbed Petrarch for a time. In his own "Letters to Dead Authors," one is addressed to Cicero, in which he chides him for being less a sage than he had pictured him, too vacillating at the most critical time of his career, though he continued to proclaim his devotion to his genius and eloquence. He says that "Cicero is like a man who carries a light behind his back. Others receive the light while he himself stumbles in the dark." The intimate revelations of these personal, private letters were a severe test. Few public men have ever been put to a test so severe. Cicero speaks his heart out to his friend Atticus and his detractors have not minimized what they are pleased to call his self-betrayal.

The discovery of the letters aroused a new interest in Cicero. They were read everywhere. Written to his family, his intimate friends and acquaintances and to his political associates, they give a picture of twenty-five years of public and private life incredibly clear and vivid. By common consent Cicero is the world's greatest letter writer. Through the popularity of the letters the neglected works gained recognition; the *De Oratore* and other important works were read and substituted in educational programs for the comparatively unimportant *De Inventione* and the *Topica*. We do not always realize nor adequately appreciate the enormous volume of Cicero's works: over 800 letters, 56 orations, half a dozen rhetorical, and as many philosophical

treatises and some charming essays. It was the range of Cicero's interest evidenced by the volume of his work that made him a commanding figure among the humanists.

Until the time of Niebuhr, who in the early part of the 19th century wrote the first modern history of Rome, Cicero continued to hold this high place in the councils of humanism. Niebuhr says that "Cicero followed truth in every way, and in his doing so we recognize the discord of his mind; he was in contradiction with himself." Then more kindly Niebuhr adds "I love Cicero as if I had known him and I judge of him as I would of a near relation who had committed a folly." This patronizing compliment is the last kind word we hear for Cicero from professors at the universities of Germany who write on Roman history. With the exception, perhaps, of Ihne, they all seem to suffer from literary adenoids, if an allusion to the *emunctae naris* of Horace (Sat. I, IV, 8) be not too remote.

Cicero's "folly" grew to a crime in the minds of Drumann, his most diabolical detractor, and of Mommsen, Drumann's unscrupulous successor in the business of character defamation. The crime for which Cicero is maligned by these anything but self-effacing critics is an incurable faith in a free state.

During the four hundred years from Petrarch to Niebuhr men the world over sat at Cicero's feet and learned from him the secret of life, practical, literary and spiritual life. Like Virgil he was

Duplici circumdatus aestu carminis et rerum (Manilius)—
Surrounded by a double tide of life and letters.

To him men turned for those studies which he himself glorifies in the oration for Archias, his old teacher: Haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

Such studies nourish youth, delight old age, adorn success, furnish a refuge and a solace in adversity, at home they charm, abroad they do not embarrass, in the night seasons they are with us, they travel with us to the country and to foreign lands.

This is humanism as a grace of life, ministering to the pleasure and polish of social intercourse, as well as a discipline "which aims at drawing out all the mental and moral faculties of man." (Jebb.)

I wonder if it is true after all that the "Roman desired the *ἀγαθόν*, the good, though he never quite felt or knew the *καλόν*, the beautiful." I fancy he was very much like other men in this respect in spite of a persistent tradition to the contrary. We know too much of Rome's government and rival governors and too little of her people, not the multitude but the many men and women who lived their lives unostentatiously in the quiet of their own homes. The satirist and the historian have combined to paint for us an unlovely picture which after all may not present all sides of life. Just as we have a perverse picture of one side of Cicero's influence in the Renaissance. From him an *ism* was born, a dangerous thing to have happen to any man, for perversions and exaggerations are sure to follow.

Cicero's rhetorical works are of the best and eloquence in theory and practice in the Renaissance depended almost altogether from him. He was for many men the great stylist and Ciceronianism became a cult, a fetich, and, if one may believe Erasmus, a caricature. Men sought by fasting and prayer and unending toil to speak and write like Cicero. His very words, his phrases. Erasmus in his "Ciceronianus" paints a vivid picture of a humanist gone mad in the pursuit of Ciceronian perfection, a formal perfection of style. Mommsen calls Ciceronianism a mystery of human nature; language and the effect of language on the mind a problem which cannot be solved. The power which language exercises was, he says, in Cicero's case transferred to the unworthy vessel. Custom and the schoolmaster completed what the power of language had begun. Cicero became the supreme stylist and the creator of the modern classical Latin prose. Naturally Mommsen finds nothing to praise in this phase of Cicero's influence. His eloquence lacks fire, his speeches lack clearness and articulate division, and his language is deficient in precision and chasteness. His dialogue is not as good as the Greek—which is doubtless true—but more to the point in Mommsen's appraise-

ment is not as good as Lessing's. Of Cicero's correspondence Mommsen says with a sneer that people are in the habit of calling it interesting and clever. To such and to all admirers of Cicero's writings he gives his sovereign, imperious and peremptory advice, "to observe in literary matters a becoming silence";—so far have we come from Quintilian, a second century Roman critic whose frequently quoted opinion is: "The pleasure a man takes in Cicero is the standard by which he may judge his own intellectual culture."

Wherever republican institutions have flourished or men have struggled to attain free government, there Cicero has been a quickening influence. The Church Fathers—the "bitter enders" at least—were in the habit of saying that only Lethe could take away the influence of Cicero. Imitation, admiration, adulation of Cicero are seen not merely in isolated instances but were the prevailing attitude. No side of Cicero escaped but his strongest influence was perhaps that of his oratory. The great period of English eloquence, the eighteenth century to cite but one, is perhaps the most striking example. Read Burke, if that is not a counsel of perfection or a call to penance, or Gibbon, to find an English Cicero. But I am aware that to the present generation such eloquence, the periodic style at all, is anathema, and the taste of our collegians is not formed on such obsolete models, such old, antiquated, worn-out forms of thought and conceptions of life. We demand a "literature that embodies the scientific and progressive thought of the present age" (Shorey), expressed in a conversational style, in simple sentences and when possible in words of one syllable, without subtle allusion or reference to a past that only angers the listener by putting his present day education to a test so disconcerting.

Cicero's eloquence is too grandiloquent and no longer makes the appeal that it did when Burke thundered forth his Ciceronian English in his Impeachment of Warren Hastings, a strikingly similar appeal to that of Cicero in his oration against Verres, a forerunner of Hastings in the gentle art of robbing a province. It ought to be said in extenuation of these two gentlemen that Verres was a connoisseur in Greek marbles and bronzes and

many men sympathized with him when he went to his death rather than surrender to Mark Antony his most precious works of art, while the administration of Warren Hastings has never been without staunch defenders.

We have our nabobs, too, and our peace parleyings. Have we a Burke or a Cicero? If our idealism were less an emotion and more a reasoned philosophy we might hear again in the defense of right not an oratory harnessed to petty party politics but an outburst of "reason made hot with passion." For words that sound like Cicero, that might have been spoken by Cicero, recall Burke's speech on "Conciliation with America." "The proposition is Peace. Not Peace through the medium of war; not Peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not Peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle in all parts of the Empire; not Peace to depend on juridical determination of perplexing questions or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple peace sought in its natural course and in its natural haunts . . . Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion and ever will be so, as long as the world endures."

A curious parallel exists between Cicero and Burke. They were both "new men," without important family affiliations, working with aristocratic oligarchs who secretly resented their powers but were compelled to depend upon their unusual gifts. Both had many years of disillusion and died defeated men.

Outside of our particular profession, Cicero is chiefly remembered as the author of *Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra*, or of tags like *O tempora! O mores!* Perhaps only a few remember the *Haec studia adulescentiam alunt*, unless they had the good fortune to go to the famous old Boston Latin school and looked upon these words, every day of their school life, carved over the entrance to the building; or may claim Brown University as their alma mater and could not escape them whenever they passed through the main entrance to the college campus on whose pillars these words of Cicero were long ago carved.

The Cicero that most people know is the Cicero of a few orations read in high school, the Catiline orations of the year

63 B. C. when Cicero was Consul, with perhaps a freshman flight into the *De Senectute* or the *De Amicitia*; and their picture of him is of an old Roman in long and it may be flowing toga on the Rostra or in the Senate House pouring out long periods of copious and fluent Latin for their despair or happily for their delectation.

By virtue of his wide range of interests, his encyclopedic information in history, literature, and law, his remarkable success as a teacher of men, and his long participation in the affairs of state, Cicero has a clear right to the attention of men. His was no single track mind. The indecision and vacillation of which he is accused and is guilty are due to the necessity he was under of seeing both sides of the question; the arguments pro and con alternately appealed to him and troubled him and rendered decision difficult. He had not the practical aptitude for politics which, according to Mommsen, made Julius Caesar a "perfect man." Caesar possessed, Mommsen says, practical aptitude as a citizen in perfection. Caesar was a thorough-going realist and this made of him the consummate statesman. Caesar's cool sobriety, marvelous serenity, his rationalism, appeal strongly to Mommsen's imperialistic mind. From such a critic we need expect no grace for Cicero either in literature or state-craft.

As most of you know and many of you have said, the modern attitude towards Cicero of harsh criticism and deliberate undervaluation is largely due to the influence and wide circulation and acceptance of Mommsen's *History of Rome*. Men living under free institutions have accepted without question the judgment of an arch supporter of a benevolent despotism, who in making a demigod of Julius Caesar, the real founder of the Roman Empire, found it impossible to see any virtue in Cicero, the advocate of a free state, the believer in an ideal republic, and the author of a programme to establish such a state. That his cause was a "lost cause," a forlorn hope, endeared it all the more to Cicero, a man of humanistic ideals, and should recommend him to the favorable consideration of all men of like tastes and a similar philosophy of life. Cicero says he "mourned for the commonwealth longer and more bitterly than ever a mother mourned for her only son." (Ad Att. IX, 20, 3.)

Cicero repeatedly gave up politics for which he was not primarily intended by nature, repeatedly returned to the life best suited to his natural disposition, to letters and the studies that he loved. But he could not live a detached life and he was as repeatedly drawn back into the political arena, gifted lawyer that he was, at the solicitation of his friends, or because of the ever-returning hope that he might see at last established at Rome that form of government in which he believed and for which he prayed. He essayed a difficult and dangerous part in the last years of the Republic. He found in Pompey a broken reed; he saw in Caesar a gracious and attractive personality, with a genius for statesmanship but feared in him this genius because it was misdirected and aimed at personal gains. "It is impossible for me," he says of Caesar, "to be other than a friend to one who deserves well of his country.

"Cicero thought the Republic had swooned under Caesar's blow. He did not realize that it was killed" (Strachan-Davidson). He begs Caesar to "have regard for the judge who will come in ages after," for the judgment of posterity, telling him that it was his chief duty to subdue his personal inclinations, to master his angry feelings, to be moderate in victory, and assuring him that a man's chief glory is to "be remembered for great services done to one's friends, one's country, and to mankind." To Caesar's credit it must be said that Cicero's appeals to his clemency and humanity in individual cases were never denied. On the larger questions of state Cicero made little impression upon Caesar's plans for personal control. Once more he retired to his books and the quiet of his country estates. It was only after the assassination of Caesar that Cicero felt all shackles fall from him and entered the forum for the last time for the final contest with Antony. He could have had no illusion as to the probable outcome of this struggle but he made good use of his freedom and followed what he conceived to be his duty to his death. In no period of his career does Cicero appear to better advantage than in this last encounter with Antony and the men who sought only self-aggrandizement and whose final success meant the over-

throw of Cicero's dream of a free state and the permanent establishment of a government with Augustus Caesar in sole control.

In commenting on the fate of men of letters on entering politics John Morley has this significant statement (Recollections, Vol. I, p. 185). "A transition from books, study, and the publicist's pen, to the vicissitudes of political action is not much favored by happy precedents. Let us not be shy of going too far back. The most historically influential type among famous men of letters, say what we will, is Cicero, the immortal, the all wise Tully, and we know Cicero's blood-stained end on the Stabian seashore, attended by the ill-omened flight of crows from the Temple of Apollo."

Cicero died like a Roman, and by so doing atoned for many littlenesses: vanity, conceit, ultra-sensitiveness, exhibitions of physical timidity, bordering on physical cowardice; if atonement is asked for such things from one whose purity of life and high moral standards in all personal dealings combine to make of him a shining exception among the men of his day.

Cicero failed in the one consuming desire of his life, to see a free state established at Rome and to be not its ruler but a participator in its benefits and a sharer in the glory of its success. He had many gifts of the statesman, but Mommsen says he lacked courage and "on those who lack courage, the gods lavish every favor and every gift in vain." His hero, Caesar, had courage and he destroyed the Republic.

Commenting on Caesar's successful usurpation of the powers of the Republic, Mommsen in one of his choicest sentences, which may be of interest to you as throwing light on the animus with which he wrote the story of the fall of the Roman Republic, says: "Not until the dragon seed of North America ripens will the world have again similar fruits to reap." To depart from history to indulge in prophecy is not the only mistake Mommsen makes in this astonishing sentence.

The restoration of the Republic of the Scipios was Cicero's solution for the world's ills and to this he clung, perhaps mistakenly, until the end. He has left us a picture of his ideal republic in his *De Republica*, of which unfortunately only fragments have

come down to us. The world has united in praising this document, but Mommsen calls it a "singular mongrel compound of history and philosophy, which carries out the idea that the existing constitution of Rome is substantially the ideal state organization sought for by the philosophers, an idea as unphilosophical as unhistorical."

Mommsen is quite incapable by birth, nature, and training of understanding the situation in Rome in Cicero's day seen from any idealistic point of view. The idea of a free state enrages him. He worships Caesar and defends the despotism established by him, the revised divine right despotism brought into Europe from the Orient by Alexander of Macedon. The very name Caesar intrigues the mind of Mommsen and betrays him into making this self-revealing statement which fortunately now calls for a slight revision: "The peoples to whom the world belongs still at the present day designate the highest of their rulers by the name of Caesar."

After such a pronouncement have we not the right to demand of the German historians that they set a less biased man to the task of re-writing the story of the Roman Republic, one who knows neither *ira* nor *studio*, and may we not expect at his hands a fairer treatment of the man whose unpardonable sin was a belief in free institutions? Having all his utterances in mind may it not be pertinent to bid Mommsen and his kind "to observe in matters historical a becoming silence"? If this be history then in the name of the Continental Congress and the Great Jehovah give me poetry, or, if you will, propaganda."

Livy once said: "To praise Cicero as he deserves we ought to have another Cicero." I have not sought to supply the deficiency but I have sought to warn you once more against the unwarranted defamation of his character and the belittling of his achievements and ideals at the hands of historians too biased to appreciate either.

To know Cicero well is to live a large life in the midst of the stirring events of one of the world's greatest eras, an era with which our own has many points in common. He, too, had to live and work with plutocratic republicans whose minds were solid

and with radical republicans whose minds were fluid,—even as you and I. That he lost the battle does not detract from our interest in the struggle. That he preached better than he at all times practiced does not rule him out of our class. That in the main Cicero held to his high ideals cannot truthfully be gain said. His letters discover to us his human weaknesses—it's a hard test—but they also mirror for us a personality affable, lovable, affectionate, tender and loyal. He had a pretty wit, scintillating at times, at times even scurrilous, and a penetrating power of phrase that made him a terror to his opponents or enemies but a constant delight to his friends. He could use his vocabulary with astonishing and refreshing freedom. Caesar appreciated this gift of Cicero's and never failed to ask for Cicero's latest *bon mot*. These were the days when of Caesar's despotism it could be said that it was a despotism "tempered by epigrams,"—and the best were Cicero's.

Cicero was many, if not myriad, minded. His temperament was mercurial. His life was free from Rome's worst sins—sins to which Caesar openly and unblushingly surrendered. His high-mindedness has never been impeached, and in his character as wise councillor he has been the friendly companion of many noble souls from his to our own time. His writings need no expurgation on the score of morals. Very fittingly has he been given a large place in the discipline of humanism, which seeks to prepare for a life of action by acquaintance with men of thought and action in all times. In literature and philosophy Cicero sought and found the guide of life. When fate dealt him her hardest blow, he found in Plato and in the Greek poets the only consolation a pagan could know. When the state failed him and his home was bereft of his daughter Tullia, he sought in his books, the constant friends and companions of his life, that wisdom and comfort which he himself has so generously handed on to generations of men coming after. His appeal to the judgment of posterity has not been in vain. Those men who have known him best have found in him what the poet's phrase so adequately expresses, "Rome's least mortal mind."

WOONG AND THE WOODED¹

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The tender passion, in the superabundant novelistic writing of the present age, plays a more important rôle than ever before in the history of literature. Among the infinite variations of presenting the course of true love, modern authors are naturally driven, in their search for something not too trite, occasionally, to the *outré*. Yet even so, except in isolated cases, while "Barkis may be willin'," we do not often find her wooing her future husband in any open and definite manner.

The situation is notably different in ancient literature. On the one hand, wooing by men cuts a very small figure, comparatively speaking; and, on the other, goddesses, heroines, and mortal women are continually represented as ardently pursuing and capturing the men of whom they are enamored. To the social systems of Athens and of Rome we must attribute this paucity of description of the pure young love of youth for maiden which forms so large a part of our modern literary material. Marriages were arranged by the parents, regardless of previous indications of affection between what we should now consider the "high contracting parties." It is not then so remarkable that the word-pictures of love painted for us by classical writers are rather those of that love which according to the laws of human nature tends to break the artificial rules and conventional methods of a false theory of family life. As the result we are constantly met by prosaic lovers in the realm of the good and the great, while passion is ever asserting itself in the gallant youth or the beauteous damsel, to break the bonds of conventionality and give free rein to love. The comedy of society treats of forbidden love at Athens; the great group of Roman elegists magnifies the fickle favors of a few fair coquettes; but we know not how either Menelaus or Paris wooed the most beautiful of all women; and, when Aeneas arrives

¹ Read before the last meeting of the New England Classical Association.

in Carthage, it is the widow Dido that makes all the advances and suffers most in the tragic dénouement. When Jove courts Alcmena we know nothing of it until it is a *fait accompli*. It is perhaps not surprising that the Astarte-Aphrodite-Venus goddess of mythology should woo her Adonis as ardently and openly as her devotees in the garden of Daphne sought their mates; but one needs to look beneath the surface to understand why the chaste Diana must also seek her handsome Endymion.

If we go back to ancient Hebrew literature, the prettiest love story is that of Ruth, the Moabitess, ancestress of David, whose kinsman had not undertaken to fulfill the law of the Levirate marriage. She accordingly, under the direction of her mother-in-law, Naomi, made careful plans to secure as a husband her rich kinsman Boaz. The whole proceeding was a wise and virtuous one. Ruth first shows herself a modest and industrious young widow. Then at the psychological moment, when Boaz was in his best humor, she is discovered at his feet in the threshing floor at midnight, and begs his protection. His heart is warmed, and he promises to perform a kinsman's duty, which promise he gallantly keeps. Boaz is a gentleman of the old Hebrew school. "And now, my daughter," he says, "fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman."

When the wily Odysseus returns to Ithaca after his tedious wanderings and delays, he finds a group of noble suitors laying siege to Penelope and her kingdom—it were truer to say, to her kingdom and Penelope! The suitors plot the ruin of Telemachus, and of Odysseus, in turn. They eat, drink, and are merry at the expense of their unwilling hostess. They make speeches to each other, and even to the faithful queen. They do everything, these suitors, but sue. It is the loaves and fishes they want, apparently, and we search in vain for tender avowals to Penelope herself.

Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepared, they deal the morsels round,
Wine, rosy-bright, the brimming goblets crowned
By sage Eumaeus borne; the purple tide

Melanthius from an ample jar supplied:
 High canisters of bread Philaetius placed;
 And eager all devour the rich repast.¹

Thus these suitors carry on their campaign; they will eat Penelope out of house and home, if possible, and compel her to choose a new husband in order to save what is left out of the wreck. But it is not that Homer lacks interest in the tender passion or the genius to portray its progress and effects. When Hermes announces to Calypso that she must let Odysseus go, she thus confesses not only her own love, but also that of many another "eternal feminine," for mortal man:

Ungracious gods! with spite and envy cursed!
 Still to your own etherial race the worst!
 Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
 And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
 Did ever goddess by her charms engage
 A favor'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
 So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
 Her joys disturbed your blissful hours above,
 Till, in Ortygia, Dian's wing'd dart
 Had pierced the hapless hunter to the heart.
 So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
 Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
 Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
 But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
 And it is now my turn, ye mighty powers!
 Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?

And, a little later, though she has tried to bow to the decree of Jove, the woman in her triumphs for the moment, and she is thus helplessly driven on to one more artful attempt to woo him back:

A willing goddess, and immortal life,
 Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
 Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
 Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
 Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
 Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?

When the hero encounters Circe, and resists her arts, it is with

¹ Pope. Here and elsewhere in this paper familiar versions have been used.

flattery (the usual weapon of the male wooer) that the enchantress presses her suit:

Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain. . . .
Ulysses, Oh! thy threatening fury cease,
Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace!
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence be thine.

When at length the hero has regained Ithaca, and disposed of the suitors, he is far from happy in his revelation of himself to Penelope. Convinced at length of his identity, she reveals the "woman's heart":

The tears poured down amain: and O (she cries)
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O versed in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!

It is difficult to resist the thought that apparently the one "turn of human art" in which the hero was not well versed was the art of wooing. Had he merely breathed softly in her ear the one word, "Penelope," it is easy to imagine a very different and more speedy recognition. But the ponderous dignity of the hero hardly comports with tenderness, and his clumsy approach renews the familiar situation—again it is the man that is really wooed and won by the woman.

How much Vergil knew about love at first hand we may only conjecture. To his gentle soul it should certainly have been familiar in all its aspects. Witness his knowledge of the conventional methods of rehearsing love in his time, his languishing shepherds, his Gallus and Lycoris, his Orpheus and Eurydice. Yet when he tackles heroic poetry, his hero must be like Odysseus, the victim of Fate, destined to reach a certain goal, no matter how many hearts he breaks en route, never declaring his own love for any woman (except his regret that he had let Creusa be lost as he stalked ahead out of burning Troy), but compelled to listen to passionate declarations from the Carthaginian queen whose infatuation for him eventuates in her tragic death as he sails away to other shores. The widow, who fancies that her heart was now as marble to male fascinations, suddenly awakes, on the arrival

of the handsome, princely, and long-suffering stranger, to the consciousness of a burning passion, which she artfully reveals to sister Anna, and proceeds to gratify, if possible. She seeks divine favor for the match, and undertakes to entangle the hero. She conducts him all over town and shows him the fine city he would enjoy as royal consort. She starts to declare herself, but checks the impulse for the nonce. She flatters the guest by requesting him to repeat the description of his perils and adventures. They plan a hunting party. Everybody waits while the queen prinks; and when at length she emerges to view to go hunting, she is wearing an embroidered purple robe, her hair is fastened with a gold clasp, her gown belted with a gold buckle, and she carries her hunting arrows in a gold quiver! The gods hasten on their plans; and when Aeneas and Dido have in a cave taken refuge from a sudden shower, the hunt, for the queen at least, appears to be a success, and her view henceforth is that they are man and wife. Aeneas accepts the situation without visible enthusiasm, ready, if so it be, to understand this as the divine decree; but when the heavenly messenger arrives to tell him curtly to "sail," he is thrown into consternation, not because, so far as we can observe, he harbors any regrets due to love of his own for Dido, but because he fears the effect when her great love should be so rudely jarred. Poor Aeneas is destined, even now, not to woo Lavinia, but to have her hand thrust upon him by her father Latinus.

The heroines Adriadne and Medea cut a considerable figure in classic myth and literature, and doubtless deserve our sympathy for suffering such heart-rending desertion at the hands of their respective mates. But we may not forget that the term "mate" here has a double signification. For it was the fair lady in each case who was the real captain of the expedition as it sailed away in the form of an elopement! Of course in various other respects Ariadne is a replica of Medea, besides the fact that both Jason and Theseus were ardently wooed by the ladies in question. Each beauty was a king's daughter. Each was smitten by the sight of the heroic bearing of the stranger arriving from over-seas. Each helped the handsome adventurer to kill one of her relatives. Each sailed away with the object of her admiration, fleeing a father's

vengeance. Each was abandoned in due time, and expressed herself in no uncertain terms of execration about her lost husband. Each was comforted with another husband, and rode away in miraculous and spectacular glory. After Medea has rehearsed to Jason the depth of her sacrifice for him, Seneca puts into her mouth this plaintive summary of her devotion:

All this I did for thee.

In quest of thine advantage have I quite forgot mine own.

But the poltroon Jason seeks one way of escape after another, exemplifying all sorts of cowardice, but never once lisping a syllable of love, and concluding his lame defence by urging her to "curb" her "too impetuous heart," and be resigned to her fate. As for Ariadne, Catullus makes her plight no more vivid than how she became involved in it: "Him when the damsel beheld with eager eye, the princess, whom her chaste couch breathing sweet odors still nursed in her mother's soft embrace, like myrtles which spring by the streams of Eurotas, or the flowers of varied hue which the breath of spring draws forth, she turned not her burning eyes away from him, till she had caught fire in all her heart deep within, and glowed all flame in all her inmost marrow." But no sooner have the eloping pair fairly halted on the island of Dia, than the object of all this maddening affection forsook her "with forgetful mind," as the poet expresses it.

As soon as she discovers this abandonment of her, the lady indeed charges him with perjury and faithlessness. "Not such," she exclaims, "were the promises thou gavest me once with winning voice." But we have no lisp of such promises recorded, nor hint of advances by Theseus. Rather is the emphasis still sustained upon her desire to throw herself at his feet. "If thou hadst no mind to wed with me," she pleads, "for dread of the harsh bidding of thy stern father, yet thou could'st have led me into thy dwellings to serve thee as a slave with labor of love, laving thy white feet with liquid water, or with purple coverlet spreading thy bed." Not that Catullus lacked the temperament or the courage to picture a real wooing! Recall his charming little poetic vignette of the mutual ardor of Septimius and his Acme!

Once only does the bachelor Horace sketch for us a somewhat similar scene, where Lydia and her lover in a gem of a dialogue prove again the truth of the ancient saw, "a lover's quarrel is the cementing of love." But Horace never sounds the depths of his own love, at least before an audience. He has apparently had some bitter experience, enough to make him inclined to cynicism about the handsome girls that would set their trap for him. He is thankful to have escaped, like a ship-wrecked mariner, with even his life from the coquettish golden-haired Pyrrha.

Naturally the erotic elegy of the tender Tibullus, the ardent Propertius, and the sophisticated Ovid, exhibits many phases of love, and often lifts full high the curtain before its grosser side. The fickle, and too often, avaricious fascinator of these young spendthrifts are offered, in many forms and with oft-repeated pleadings, an idolizing devotion of which they are little worthy. Tibullus cannot endure the thought that any fair one's eloquent eyes should be disfigured with weeping for him. Though Propertius praises unstintedly the beauty of his Cynthia, prays her back from the jaws of death, and repeatedly offers her such fidelity as any woman might crave, his conclusion is, "One woman were a host of ills for any man"; and he marshals many notorious examples in the attempt to show that woman is unconscionable in the pursuit, through whatever obstacle, of the object of her desire—Pasiphaë, Tyro, Scylla, Medea, and the rest of the naughty crew. Even after her rejection and death, her shade, he dreams, would woo him back; and as he creates the new type of aetiological elegy, it is through the form of the Tarpeia legend in which that unhappy damsel courts the handsome prince Tatius.

As for Sulpicia, the one notable female figure in Roman literature, her wooing of Cerinthus is as frank and direct as any masculine lover could employ, and her one apology is that in a moment of weakness she had tried to disguise the passion that flamed within her breast!

The various unhappy heroines whom in their loneliness Ovid represents in the *Heroides* as speaking their deep love to their lovers or husbands, or those who they would were lovers or husbands, run the gamut, from marital fidelity of devotion, to he shamelessly incestuous wooing of Phaedra.

Poor Lucretius, whose intense passion for his fellow-men was cut short, if we might believe tradition, by a love-philtre, sees naught in love but fortuitous concourses of atoms. Scarcely less material in the love of the early romancers, Petronius and Apuleius. The Greek romances of Theagenes and Chariclea and of Clitopho and Leucippe, with their oriental prolixity of amorousness, and even the relatively pretty story of Daphnis and Chloe, portray the most obstreperous wooing by various women. And one who should take time to dabble in the novelettes of the middle ages would find that the type of story related of the notorious "widow of Ephesus" is sufficiently in evidence.

As early as the third century, however, we find as dainty a bit of feminine wooing as one could seek, where maidenly modesty is combined with a complete loss of the girl's heart to a worthy, but unconscious hero, and the working out of the plot is in no way offensive to modern taste, in the History of Apollonius, King of Tyre. A strange mélange, indeed, is this "history" in which some of the more disagreeable episodes of a pagan type are detailed side by side with indications of Christian influence, and with other episodes of the utmost nobility, including many and obvious parallels to the *Aeneid*, all told with a simplicity of style and a rapid course of events that recommended it to other connoisseurs of good literature besides Shakespeare, who used it so largely in his *Pericles*. When Apollonius takes to the princess the bids of the three suitors for her hand, and she finds not among them the name she would have found, she looks up at her teacher and inquires, "Aren't you sorry, sir, that I am to wed?" "Oh no!" said Apollonius, "but I congratulate you that now, being well equipped in learning through my instruction and the will of God, you may marry the man of your choice." And as the girl replies, "Sir, were you in love, you would be particularly sorry about your instruction," who can help recalling Longfellow's *Miles Standish*, and Priscilla's artless inquiry?—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" And when, at length, after the whole pretty story of the dawning upon the unconscious and blushing Apollonius that it is he himself whom the maiden adores, and the king concludes his explanation with the words, "So, Master Apollonius, I pray you, do not disdain my daughter's hand!" the astonished prince can make only the

not over-gallant response, "Thy will and God's be done!" It is the old story of a woman's heart winning a stupid, speechless, man.

"Drive out nature with a pitch-fork, yet will she ever return," sings Horace. If artificial conditions of society would hem in the human heart, it will break the bars of convention. Nature was, even in the Middle Ages, reasserting herself. In the epic of Waltharius, when the hero returns from battle to the palace where he and the princess whose hand had years before been promised him were both now captives of a foreign king, the love scene in which both lovers discover their hearts and pledge their mutual faith is "as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout" amidst the ruck of killing and blood-letting that dominates the poem as a whole. And, as usual, "the eternal feminine" has the best of the argument, and wins our unqualified admiration. After a little preliminary word-fencing, Waltharius exclaims, "No mortal is here except us two: if I knew you were ready to open your heart to me, and with all caution to keep faith in everything, I would fain disclose to you the secrets of my soul." "Then at last the maiden, falling at the knees of the hero, spoke forth: "Eagerly, my lord, will I follow, to whatsoever thou mayest call me, nor would I prefer anything to thy sweet will." "Our exile do I loathe," he replied, "and oft bethink me of the land of our fathers, which we have left; and so I eagerly desire to hasten flight in secret. Long since perchance had I been able thus to do, were it not for my sadness at the thought of Hildegunde tarrying alone." Then from her very soul did the darling girl speak these feeling words: "Your wish is mine; this only is my own ardent longing. Let my lord command, be its omen good or ill, I am ready, for love of him, with all my heart to suffer what may come."

Although this a work of about the tenth century, here we begin once more to stand on modern ground, and "Love Triumphant" shines again untarnished.

XENOPHON TRAGODOS

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If there is one thing that disseminators of Hellenic "sweetness and light" enjoy more than another, apparently, it is taking a fall out of Xenophon. From the discussions of his life and works that are most accessible to American readers we learn that he was a mere dilettante, that he had no depth—or breadth—of vision, and no critical ability. He was incapable of understanding the Socratic philosophy, and ignorant of the most elementary principles of historical accuracy. He did not really possess any great talent for leadership, and was after all not a good tactician. Finally the last shreds of our respect for Xenophon are swept away when we are told that he didn't write good Attic prose. An eminent critic finds in his works three hundred and sixteen poetic words, ninety-nine that are Ionic, and sixty-two that are broad Doric! He used figures that belong peculiarly to poetry, and—shades of Isocrates!—he constantly failed to observe hiatus. By the time we have conned over this damning indictment a dozen times or more in various handbooks and editions, we feel that Mrs. Wright treats Xenophon rather handsomely when she observes that, although he was "a dilettante in philosophy and history," he "was thoroughly qualified to write the treatise *On Hunting*." Unfortunately, however, the effect of this gratifying tribute is rather marred by the conclusion which immediately follows, that this, the only one of Xenophon's works which he was competent to write, he probably did not write at all.

Most of us are only too ready to applaud these criticisms when we recall the peculiarly depressing circumstances under which we became acquainted with Xenophon; how we struggled through the earlier books of the *Anabasis* with the help of a vocabulary, a collection of arid notes, and an instructor whose interest in Greek seemed to be limited to irregular verbs and mixed condi-

tions. We looked on Xenophon as rather a stupid sort, and thought of the *Anabasis* as a mere stop-gap between the beginning book and the golden treasures of Homer, a linguistic Slough of Despond through which we had to toil under an ever-increasing burden of rules and paradigms.

Some of the statements to which I have alluded are true, or at least contain a modicum of truth. But is there no more to be said of Xenophon than this? We must not forget that partial truth is often worse than none at all, as reference to the record in *Bardell vs. Fickwick* will establish. For example one of the editors of the *Anabasis* is probably within the facts when he says of Xenophon's family, to show their piety and social eminence, "they were wont to sacrifice swine to Zeus the Gracious, a fact which may possibly have had something to do with the name Gryllus"—that of Xenophon's father—"which means *pig*." But the impression that the average schoolboy will derive from this bald statement can only be conjectured. If you wish to know what can be said of Xenophon by one who appreciates him truly, read Croiset's discussion. At present let us turn to a consideration of some portions of the *Anabasis*.

The charge of dullness, so often brought against this work, is usually based upon the opening chapters, which are characterized as a bare recapitulation of distances and places. As a matter of fact, they are a charming bit of literary workmanship, both as regards their relation to the whole and the details of their execution. To what extent Xenophon consciously applied the principles of dramatic composition we cannot say. But he instinctively perceived, like the true son of old Athens that he was, the intense tragic irony of his first great climax—the death of Cyrus in the moment of victory, the strange working of human destiny by which the gallant young prince lay dead upon the field of battle, slain by his own uncontrollable passions, while his irresistible phalanx was sweeping all before it, a blind agent of destruction whose guiding purpose had ceased to live. A spirit steeped in the great masterpieces of the old tragedy could not be insensible to the dramatic qualities of such a situation, and Xenophon, with consummate skill, whether conscious or intuitive, makes his

whole story of the upward march a preparation for the catastrophe in which it terminates.

I do not wish to say, nor do I for a moment believe, that Xenophon thought of this portion of his work as a tragedy, or that he consciously made it conform to the canons of dramatic composition. We have convincing evidence to the contrary in the simplicity of his narrative, its commonplace, homely diction, and the unaffected freedom with which observations on the most trifling topics are inserted at every point. But I do mean to say that Xenophon's truly Attic mind, moulded by the religious and literary influences of his environment and time, could scarcely have conceived the situation otherwise than he did or written of it differently. The brief prologue, which sketches for us in a few bold strokes the characters, and with them the passions whose interplay is to bring about the denouement, leads us almost imperceptibly into the proper action of our play. The intrigue and preparation of years are crowded into a few pregnant lines, and, almost before we know it, we have assisted at the assembling of the host in Sardis and the great expedition that is to win the throne of Persia is on its way to Babylon. Nations and countries are but pin-points, and months but moments, in the swiftly-moving narrative. Presently we are startled to find that we have threaded the populous and fertile plains of Lydia and Phrygia, won through the mountain passes of Cilicia, traversed the Arabian desert and the rich length of Mesopotamia, and stand before the very gates of Babylon. Meanwhile, the chorus—of Greek mercenaries, let us say—have first suspected and then queried the purpose of the protagonist, and have finally been made confidants in the great plot that is on foot. Next come premonitions of the climax—first rumors of the king's approach, then traces of his army's march, and finally, when least expected, the galloping horseman and the call to arms. Then follows the description of the hosts on either side, and the stage is set for the final catastrophe.

Thus, without realizing it, following only the trend of his subconscious ideas, Xenophon has composed a tragedy in prose, in the simple prose of ordinary narrative. Urged by an all-compell-

ing interest in his climax, he has compressed months of time and miles of weary marching into the narrative of an hour, and in thus causing us to become oblivious of time and space has observed the unities as faithfully as if the action of his drama started on the field of Cunaxa the morning of the conflict. Unhampered by the physical limitations of the theatre, with all the wealth of his recollections for his setting, and having in his pen a magic wand to bring princes and emperors with their myriad hosts thronging upon the scene, he unfolds before our eyes a spectacle that is tremendous—if we are minded to appreciate it.

The temptation to press further the comparison that has been drawn, to analyze and catalogue the points in the narrative and fit them into a scheme of formal dramatic structure, is alluring. One might even go on and show that the first four books of the *Anabasis* correspond to a trilogy. The first tragedy is followed by a second, with Clearchus and Tissaphernes as the central figures. In this the whole course of the action is clouded by distrust and gloomy forebodings of the impending catastrophe, the murder of the captains and generals, which constitutes the second great climax. After the second interlude, the third and last play begins with the introduction upon the scene of the new protagonist, Xenophon, who works out the salvation of the host to a happy ending that suggests the Tauric Iphigenia. And who can say but that Xenophon, had he been spared to write his narrative a few decades later, might have found in the conquest of Alexander the true tragic ending for his trilogy, the complete reversal of fortune, and the Nemesis of the gods? But the folly of such playful speculations, however diverting they may be, becomes only too clear when we remember that the author was probably quite unconscious of the causes that shaped the handling of his theme and that it certainly never occurred to him to analyze the results as we have done. However, there is more to a drama than the mere outline of the plot; there are the different episodes with their dialogue and speeches, the lyric passages, and all that goes to round out the play into a harmonious whole. Obviously there must be something in the work of Xenophon to correspond to this, if in no other respect yet in mere bulk and general function;

something to cover the bare frame-work of the structure and give to the finished whole the due proportion that art and taste demand. It suits our purpose to put only one question, in examining this—whether it fulfils its function worthily and whether the resultant whole is good. Our knowledge of the author, and the simple directness of his language, lead us to foresee that the materials which he will use for this purpose will be plain, perhaps even homely. But we may assume with confidence that the mind which grasped by intuition the full significance of the action and unfolded its tragic grandeur to our eyes in such masterly wise used for this purpose nothing that was really dull or mean.

The first break in the swift, steady movement of the narrative is the little description of Celaenae, with its palaces and rivers, the park of Cyrus, the famous grotto where Marsyas suffered for his arrogance, and the citadel built by Xerxes. However tiresome this may be to the modern pedant, to Xenophon's countrymen it was fraught with the music of old lays and with stirring memories of glorious deeds. At Tyriaeum we pause to admire the martial splendor of the hoplites on parade and to indulge in a quiet chuckle at the picture of the Cilician queen fleeing madly in her chariot of state, surrounded by a mob of panic-stricken hucksters. There is perhaps also a quiet touch of humor in the account of the meeting between Cyrus and Syennesis at Tarsus and their exchange of gifts. The Cilician monarch makes a liberal donation to Cyrus' depleted war-chest, and in return receives as marks of that prince's favor a charger with golden trappings, jewelry and a dagger of gold, a robe of state, a truce to the pillaging of his realms, and the royal permission to take back his kidnapped subjects—if he can find them. Here three weeks' delay is occasioned by an incipient mutiny, and we have the exquisite gratification of beholding the bluff Clearchus in the rôle of Pecksniff, weeping his way into the hearts of his soldiers and then tricking them with his astute diplomacy. At Thapsacus we have another mutiny, which results in a gratifying rise in the market value of hoplites and gives Menon an opportunity this time to play the rôle of saviour.

When we have crossed the Euphrates and the river god has shown what a poor political prophet he is by bowing down to Cyrus, we are in another land. I never read Xenophon's graphic description of the desert, "smooth as the sea," its grass and shrubbery all "fragrant as spices," teeming with wild life of every description, bustards, gazelles, wild asses, ostriches, that I do not in fancy breathe in a fragrance of sage and at the same time see before me an old, gaily-colored print of the desert in "Swiss Family Robinson." How vivid it all is—the fleet wild asses turning to gaze at the pursuers they have so easily outstripped, the ostriches plying both feet and wings, the heavy flight of the bustards which makes them an easy prey; and what quiet humor in the terse statement, "Nobody got an ostrich." We cannot help being interested in the poor desert-dwellers who quarried and fashioned mill-stones and sold them in Babylon to gain their daily bread. To the desert also we are indebted for a practical lesson in economics, a case of supply and demand. Bread-stuffs failed the Greek force; the Asiatic hucksters had cornered the grain market and demanded for a quart of meal a sum that at home would have maintained a respectable Athenian family for days. But they didn't know the canny Greeks, who declined to pay war prices and solved the problem by a meat diet. Scarcely are we out of the desert when the supply wagons get stuck in the mud and we are diverted by the ludicrous spectacle of the Persian grandees in Cyrus' retinue peeling off their broadcloth coats at a sharp word from their lord and dashing madly into the mire in all the glory of their embroidered waistcoats and lavender trousers to put their shoulders to the wheel. And we must not forget that to the Greek trousers were about as suggestive of sturdy masculinity as crêpe de chine to us. The impatient haste manifested by Cyrus throughout this portion of the march is explained in a clear and succinct statement of the tactical situation by which he was confronted.

Now comes the spirited account of a brawl that threatened to have serious consequences. Soldiers of Menon and Clearchus quarreled, and the Spartan war-lord caned one of Menon's troopers, to the great indignation of his comrades. That same

day, as Clearchus rode disdainfully through Menon's encampment, a soldier who was splitting kindling took a fling at him with an axe. The missile fortunately went wide of its mark, but was followed by a shower of stones that compelled the haughty Spartan to effect a strategic retreat in haste. He roused up his whole command and marched upon Menon's division with his cavalry. Proxenus attempted to play the rôle of peacemaker, unsuccessfully, and a bloody battle would have ensued had not Cyrus come galloping up in the nick of time and stilled the tumult by his good sense and eloquence.

This lively, serio-comic interlude makes more impressive the story that follows of the attempted treason and execution of Orontes, the most tragic episode of the journey. Brief as is the tale, the treatment gives it the importance of a by-plot to the great catastrophe. In it we have Xenophon at his best. The dialogue between Cyrus and his faithless subject, with the stern indictment and the confession of guilt, throws into bold relief the antithesis of inexorable justice and a manly determination to face the consequences of wrongdoing. We feel that Xenophon appreciates the noble spirit exhibited by Orontes in the moment of supreme trial as fully as the essential righteousness of Cyrus' position. Nothing could be finer than the reply to Cyrus' last question. "Could you become once more my brother's enemy, my trusted friend?" "Even if I could become so, Cyrus, you could never more believe." Clearchus' vote for death, couched in trite and pompous phrases, with a note of self-seeking, is in pitiful contrast. It shows that Xenophon was as keenly alive to the Spartan's elements of weakness as to the Persian's noble traits, and tells us all too plainly what his respect for a gallant comrade fallen makes him later leave unsaid. Again, Xenophon's allusion to the faithfulness of Orontes' followers, who do reverence to their disgraced lord as he is being led to death, sits well upon the lips of one who had learned from Socrates to seek for the good, the true, and the beautiful in the hearts of men. The closing words of this tragic episode leave us with a haunting sense of awe and mystery. "And when he had been brought into the tent of Artapates, the most trusted of Cyrus' chamberlains, thereafter

did no man behold Orontes, either alive or dead, nor did any man know to tell the manner of his death, though one would conjecture this and another that; but no grave of his has ever to this day been seen."

Now we are on the eve of the catastrophe, and from this point on the narrative is surcharged with presages of the impending conflict. But we need not pursue our summary, for surely the material before us suffices for present judgment. One sentence I must quote, the one which marks the end of the first drama in our trilogy and ushers in the interlude, a sentence almost worthy to be set beside the noble close of the *Phaedo*. "So died Cyrus, a man of all the Persians after the great Cyrus most kingly and meet to rule, as all agree who are esteemed to have known him well."

Here then is the flesh with which Xenophon clothes the bare skeleton of his plot. This is a part of what the earlier books of the *Anabasis* contain. This is the dryer and duller part of the story written by our shallow dilettante, our amateur author, our unhistorical historian, our would-be philosopher, our offender against the purity of Attic speech, our rebel against the "prunes and prisms" edict of the no-hiatus school. We can admit that he is a dilettante, an amateur, and no more of a historian than a philosopher; that his neglect of Attic purity is deplorable and his disregard of hiatus revolting; but, when this is said, he is still "Xenophon—an Athenian," with all that the title implied in the great age of Athens. Herein lie his charm, his power, and worth. His love of the good and the beautiful, fostered by the precepts and example of Socrates, his genial personality, his wholesome interest in human affairs, and the fineness of taste and feeling that were alike the tradition of his stock and the product of his environment—these were the qualities that won him immortality and will preserve it against all the assaults of hostile criticism.

If you feel that I have been carried away by my enthusiasm and have allowed myself to become a bit sophomoric—a thing unpardonable in a respectable pedant—do but suspend your judgment until you have reread at least the earlier books of the

Anabasis. Even this little taste will make you a lover of the man and an admirer of his art. You will easily bear with my enthusiasm, the more readily when you remember that as I pen this, I come fresh from a ramble in the philological dissecting room, where the post-mortem over the remains of Xenophon is still in progress.

When those of you who have not done so lately take down Xenophon from his place on the dusty top shelf, between Wentworth's geometry and Myers' General History, and read him again, you will form your own opinions of his merits, instead of taking them from the introduction to some edition which is but too likely to be an in-bred weakling, sired by the latest German Schülersausgabe and mothered by the Greek grammar. Then you will feel in fullest measure what Croiset says so charmingly and I so clumsily paraphrase: "What then is the source of Xenophon's peculiar charm and of his 'Atticism'? It is the fact that he is above all *honnête homme*; he employs language, as Fénelon says, as one ought to employ clothing, for covering, and not for adornment. He has nothing of the sophist or of the declaimer. After the erudite and formal prose of the Gorgias and the Antiphons he brings back to Athens true simplicity and grace. We expect to find an author, and are delighted to find a man. He has shown that the gravest subjects, those most important for human life, can be approached by a man of genius without his having need to raise the voice."

ROME OF VIRGIL

BY NORMAN W. DEWITT
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The intellectual versatility of Cicero, the appealing charm of his personality, his copious eloquence and the sheer bulk and variety of his literary legacy pour such a glory about the closing years of the Republic that we forget his silences, and overlook the inadequacy of his writings as a picture of contemporary Rome. As we conjure up in fancy the image of this handsome Arpinate standing upon the brow of the old Rostra and facing a motionless multitude entranced by the abundance and smoothness of the numbers that flowed so effortlessly from his persuasive lips, how difficult to bear in mind that all the outward surroundings of that scene had long since grown quaint and archaic! When we think of him in the moment of peroration invoking the holiest memories and most precious sentiments of a brave and ancient populace, and raising a practiced hand in graceful gesture to the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus high above the listening throngs, how difficult to recall that the city about him was then as delapidated as his crowd was degraded, that of all the sacred edifices within the circle of those templed hills perhaps his temple of Jupiter alone was not in a condition upon that very day to tumble down! How easy to forget that with the exception of the Tabularium the buildings of the Forum had come down from the times when the red head of the elder Cato was a landmark among the crowds and the tribunals were fringed with veterans of the Punic Wars! The architectural grandeur of the city was of later date. It was the archaic Rome of Cicero that first met Virgil's eyes; only in later days did he behold the beginnings of the new Rome of Augustus.

In order to visualize the Rome of his student days we must dismiss from the fancy the memory of almost all the ruins that we

are accustomed to associate with the Forum, the city, and its surroundings. The three lonely columns of Castor's temple that stood up so bravely through all the centuries when the Forum was a cow pasture, the sturdy pillars of Saturn, too lofty to yield to the creeping earth and useless to the lime-burner, the battered arches of Titus and Septimius Severus, all the palaces of the Palatine and the ruddy ruins of the basilicas must be forgotten. From Juturna's fountain the white marble must be stripped. The area of the Forum must be cleared of all the monuments that we know unless the Lacus Curtius and the puteals. The temple of the sanctified Julius must revert to vacant space and the establishment of Vesta be imagined in a shabbiness of weathered tufa. The Regia, of which we cannot think without the recollection of the marble fasti that adorned its outer walls, was bare of this ornamentation for full eighteen years after the poet's arrival. In the very year of his coming he would have witnessed the demolition of the Tabernae Novae to make way for the Basilica Aemilia, built with Caesar's gold, but the elegance of the new erection must have stood for some years in strange contrast to the Tabernae Veteres across the square; they were a relic of the third century and must have seemed quaint. The truth is that Rome was not yet, architecturally, a metropolis. It might have compared favorably with Cremona but hardly with Antioch or Alexandria.

To glean some inkling of the real condition of things one must hum to himself the lines of Horace, composed some years later, about the tottering temples of the gods and the images begrimed with age and smoke:

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
aedesque labentes deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo. Odes iii, 6.

One must take that arid catalogue, the Monumentum Ancyranum, and peruse the long list of buildings carried out by Augustus and then read between the lines. Did he really restore some eighty temples?¹ Then in the days when Cicero was writing his *De Re*

¹ Mon. Ancy. 20.

Publica and Virgil was hearing his first lectures from the famous Epidius there must have been some eighty temples in a desperate condition of disrepair, fitter to enlighten an archaeologist than to awaken the admiration of a stranger, inspire the patriot or stimulate the pious. Take Castor's temple for example, situated where the densest traffic crossed the Forum, rendezvous of slaves and plebeians, rostra of the turbulent Clodius and his class, about which the squabbles of the mob had circled since the days of the Gracchi and longer, how much of the stucco would have been left upon it, if it was stuccoed, as has been thought? How would its shabby columns of an ancient pattern, perhaps Etruscan, perhaps square instead of round, how would they have appeared to a cultured Roman like Cicero, who had visited Miletus, Rhodes, and Athens?

The truth is that one must picture to himself in these last days of the Republic a congested and antiquated city with suburbs for the most part squalid. Prince and pauper, men of ancient birth and derelicts of society must have lived side by side, for did not Julius Caesar have his residence in the Subura and was not the Subura a byword for the high life and the low life of the capital? Above the Subura was a small, very small, fashionable quarter known as the Carinae or Ships' Bottoms, where Antony lived a few years later in Pompey's house. It was situated on the Oppian spur of the Esquiline. This spot had long been aristocratic. The patrician of Horace's seventh epistle of the first book, Lucius Marcius Philippus, had his home there and he was consul in 91 B. C. The Velian, once a royal quarter, was at this time given over to shops. On the Palatine lived Hortensius and Cicero, likewise close to the Forum. It would have been a great handicap to ambitious politicians to live at a greater distance. In the morning hours they kept open house and desired a numerous following to escort them to the Forum. Therefore the nearer the better. Hungry clients probably sought the nearest patron. In the Augustan age and later, with the decline in private entertainment and the increase of public doles, the city began to expand with rapidity.

It is true that men like the Luculli and Sallust, who had retired from public life with illicit wealth, had already withdrawn to a distance from the Forum and founded their gardens along the Pincian, but their extravagance could not have materially changed the aspect of the city. It was Maecenas himself who abolished hideousness by establishing his residence and gardens to the rear of the Esquiline on the very ground where friendless slaves, spendthrifts and criminals had mingled their dust since immemorial times. The situation was not far from the longest surviving stretch of the Servian wall, familiar to all tourists in the yards of the railway close by the Central Station, and from this district is also extant a stone of republican date bearing a praetor's edict forbidding the dumping of dead bodies or filth on the inside of a delimiting line.² Beyond the graveyard was the Roman Gallows Hill, a busy place, it may have been, in days when life was cheap. Virgil himself had a house in later days close by his patron's, but he rarely used it and may not have cared for his recollections of its former state, which one may learn in greater detail from the eighth satire of Horace's first book.

To complete the picture of Virgilian Rome one must take a swing around the Servian city well within the circle of the Aurelian Walls. The old Porta Capena would still span the Appian Way with the cold drops from the aqueduct threatening the bare neck of the passer-by, and just outside of it might have been seen the modest tomb of the Scipios with the bust of Ennius. That the poet should have neglected to pay a reverential visit to that shrine seems all but unthinkable, yet he could not have seen the Appian Way beyond the walls as we imagine it, for the originals of those ghastly ruins were with few exceptions of imperial date. The monument of Caecilia Metella he would have known in his later days perhaps, in all the freshness of recent masonry. It was Augustus, however, who built the first monumental tomb and the poet may have witnessed the first interment in it, the burial of the young Marcellus, whose untimely death is celebrated in the closing lines of the sixth Aeneid. This brings us to the Campus

² Richter, *Topographie*, p. 305.

Martius, the exploitation of which began with Pompey, who dedicated there his temple of Venus and theatre in the year preceding the arrival of the Virgil family in Rome. This was at that time the newest building in the city and the first permanent theatre, for the senatorial government, although neglectful and corrupt, clung hard to pious pretensions and insisted upon the law that banned the perpetuity of this immoral amusement. We may imagine the ambitious poet yielding to the temptation of going there with his student friends to enjoy his first sight of Ajax or Medea.

From the Pompeian theatre a short walk would have brought one to the great barracks-like voting pavilions of Julius, extending for a long way along the line of the modern Corso; Augustus used them for a zoo and exhibited there to the populace the first rhinoceros seen in Rome.³ But the Pantheon we must forget. It was post-Virgilian. In general the exploitation of this region as a monumental area was only in its beginnings.

The modern Trastevere, anciently known in its northern part as the *ager Vaticanus*, if the poet ever wandered in that direction, would have shown him potteries, brickyards, tanneries and the Jewish quarter, whose inhabitants Pompey had brought from the East. Near where St. Peter's now stands were established the gardens of the Domitian gens, soon to become notorious under Nero's regime, but we can only surmise that they were connected with the extensive suburban activity that went on under Augustus. Farther down the river, but within a mile from the lower gates, were the gardens of Caesar with Fortuna's temple and a great plebeian settlement. What sort of squalor prevailed there before the munificent dictator expended his Gallic gold to make of it a place of pleasure we cannot say, but the process falls squarely within the poet's days and he must have known the whole story. Since Horace was bound in this direction when he was endeavoring to shake off the bore of the fifth satire we may imagine that down the river was a suburban residential area of Augustan date; he mentions a villa and gardens by the Tiber in the third ode of the second book.

³ Suet. Aug. 43.

The civic administration in the last years of the republic was in harmony with the shabby appearance of the city itself and the hideous suburbs. Did Augustus select Agrippa, his most capable minister, to superintend the reconstruction of the sewers? Then the sewers must have been choked up, tumbling in, or entirely outgrown by expansion of population. Did Julius propose to regulate the course of the Tiber and did his adopted heir complete the work on a less ambitious scale? Then the unruly river must have been suffered under senatorial misgovernment to do unchecked its seasonal destruction. Did Augustus find it necessary to organize a fire department? Then fires must have been too frequent, as we know to have been the case, for did not Crassus, a prince among profiteers, make snug sums by buying in properties at bargain prices in the face of the flames?⁴ Were the aqueducts restored by Augustus? Then the populace must have suffered at times from lack of water. As a matter of fact, the patricians were tapping the aqueducts and stealing the water for their villas.

Nevertheless if the people were robbed of their water, if they were flooded out through neglect of the drains and embankments, if tier above tier of cheap apartment houses around the Quirinal, Capitol, Palatine and Aventine threatened fire, ruin and death continually, if the Forum and the city looked quaint and archaic, yet all was not squalor in Virgil's student days. The house of Pompey on the fashionable promontory of the Esquiline was adorned with beaks of captured ships like a public monument and men like the Luculli, fattened on the spoils of Asia, had establishments fit for Oriental monarchs. The truth is that Cicero, when he declares in his speech for Murena that the Romans loved magnificence in public life and economy in private, utters a pious and patriotic lie.⁵ The speaker himself, the retained counsel of a profiteering government, with his fifteen houses and his works of art collected for him by connoisseurs like Atticus, was a reckless spender who never learned the meaning of economy. It was his rich friends who began to bring colored marbles from distant quarries to support the burden of their porticoes or adorn the walls

⁴ Plut. Crassus 2.

⁵ Chap. 36 § 76.

of their villas. In public buildings such things were as yet almost unknown. Private economy was but a Roman shibboleth, private extravagance a Roman law.

In thinking of the Augustan age it is easy to overlook its great extent and the long interval between its beginning and its end. The men who composed the famous literary circle had already come together in the days when Antony was still a more imposing figure than the youthful heir of Julius, and much of the so-called Augustan literature was familiar to the world before the title of Augustus had been conferred. Virgil survived that event by only eight years while the princeps survived the poet by no less than thirty three. It is likewise easy to forget that the Augustan age of architecture, if we may so speak, falls somewhat later than the Augustan age of literature. Not until after the victory of Actium and the seizure of Cleopatra's treasure and revenues was the new ruler in a position financially to undertake rebuildings and improvements on a stupendous scale. The temple of the sanctified Julius he had built out of his private purse, no doubt, and the beautiful establishment of Apollo upon the Palatine he may have so begun, but the great majority of his undertakings necessarily dated from the years of his middle age. It follows that when the author of the unfinished epic passed forever from the scene the external grandeur of the eternal city was yet in the making, although even in the condition of incompleteness it must have seemed superb by comparison with the archaic Italic town of the style of the third century that first had met his eyes in the year of his arrival.⁶

⁶ Platner's *Topography and Monuments of Ancient Rome* may be consulted for dates and details of buildings mentioned.

PAGEANT: A ROMAN BIRTHDAY¹

BY MARY LESLIE NEWTON
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Dramatis Personae

A Roman Lady; A Roman Soldier; A Swaddled Baby;
Two or Three Roman Boys; As Many Fathers and Mothers;
A Little Sister; A Maid Servant;
A Priest; Three Flamens; Three Augurs;
Two Small Attendants.

SCENE I

A Roman Garden, set with chair and cradle. Enter from rear a Roman matron, bearing a swaddled baby. She places baby in cradle; seats herself, and gazes sadly into the distance.

DOMINA: Long' abest! Long' abest vir meus! Nescio utrum castra faciat, an bellum gerat, an . . . quod omen absit! . . . fortasse perierit! Utinam ad me redeat, atque ad hunc filiolum quem adhuc non vidit!

Enters hastily a maid servant.

ANCILLA: Domina! Domina mea! Dominus adest! Ecce! Iam in limine est!

DOMINA: Nunc Deo gratias ago!

She rises and advances a few steps. The Soldier enters opposite; they meet and embrace with silent emotion. Parting, each steps backward a single pace.

DOMINA: Salve, Domine!

MILES: Salve, carissima!

DOMINA: Ecce!

She steps back and signs to the maid servant, who lifts the swaddled child and lays it at the master's feet. The lady kneels beside the child, looking downward. The master looks from her to it; stoops, and lifts the child.

MILES: Filium habeo. Eum agnosco. Gente Claudius est; stirpe Marcellus; ei nomen Marco adiungo. En Marcus Claudius Marcellus!

¹ See under *Current Events*.

As he says the last words, he lifts the child solemnly (in a horizontal position) towards heaven. Slowly lowering him, he puts around his neck a bulla, mutely offered by the mother; and delivers him into the arms of the mother, who does not look up until then. She in turn puts him into the arms of the maid, and rises slowly. Taking the left hand of her husband in both hers, she goes off with him in direction opposite to entrance. The servant follows with the child.

SCENE II

A Slope on the Capitoline Hill; set with square altar, on which a fire of dry twigs is set but unlighted, and with the coop of sacred chickens. Enter in slow procession from rear, a small attendant; three augurs, bearing scrolls; a second small attendant; three flamens, with unlighted torches, a priest. The first attendant carries togas; the second a lighted brazier, smoking with incense. All take positions as marked in diagram.



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After a moment's silence, each bows his head forward, the priest veiling his with a square of white stuff given him by the first attendant, and lifting both hands, palm uppermost. Then he lifts his head and lowers his hands.

SACERDOS: Auspicia temptentur!

The three augurs come slowly forward. The first and second stand with backs toward each other (not too close), before the altar; each shades his eyes with his right hand, and looks intently upward. The third crosses to left, puts his hand into his breast, and draws out grain. The first attendant kneels down and opens the coop. The augur watches the cock closely. Presently he goes centre front, and all three augurs face the altar and priest.

AUGUR PRIMUS: Auspicia bona sunt!

AUGUR SECUNDUS: Auspicia bona sunt!

AUGUR TERTIUS: Auspicia optima sunt!

SACERDOS: Auspicia deorum optima sunt!

(To augurs): Bene dixisti. Abite.

} All in loud tones
of formal proclamation

The augurs and attendant go slowly back to their first positions. From either side begin to enter the boys, each with father and mother, or father alone. With one is a little sister, clinging to his hand. They stand in no regular order, facing the altar and priest. The priest's head is again bowed. When all have assembled, one father speaks.

PATER: Sacerdos! Sanctissime! Adsumus! Pueri Romani adsunt!

SACERDOS: Auspicia optima sunt. Estisne parati?

Pueri: Adsumus. Parati sumus.

SACERDOS: Progredimini.

The boys advance, and stand with bowed heads before the altar, not too close. The parents fall back to the right. The little sister pushes forward in the group to see, still holding fast to someone's hand.

SACERDOS: Non iam pueri estis, sed adulescentes. Vultisne pro patria vivere, pro patria pugnare, pro patria mori?

PUERI: Volumus.

PUER PRIMUS: Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!

SACERDOS: Bene dixisti. Nolite iam pueri esse, sed viri. Cives Romani eritis omnes. O Iuppiter Maxime, O Quirine, cuius stirpe nos Romani orti sumus, hos accipiat, filios vestros!

He again lifts up level palms as he makes this prayer. Then to the boys he adds:

Posthac vobis non usus est his bullis, quae vestigia sunt pueritiae. Eas deponite.

One by one, the boys come forward and lay their bullas before the altar.

Accipite togas civium Romanorum.

Each boy puts off his "toga praetexta," and receives from the first attendant (discipulus) a "toga virilis," which he puts on with the assistance of the discipulus.

PUER SECUNDUS:

(As he puts off his toga praetexta):

Iterum clavum purpureum habebō cum Consul ero!

SACERDOS: Cives estis. Vos pro civibus agite. Valetē; valetē!

PUERI: Vale, sanctissime!

The boys rejoin their parents at the right. The little sister runs out to grasp her brother's hand.

SORORCULA: Ave, mi frater!

SACERDOS: Flammae novae in aris Patriae sunt. O Flamines, officiis satisfacite!

The three flamens come slowly forward; light their torches in turn at the brazier of the second discipulus, and, together, kindle the flame on the altar. As the fire burns up, the family groups, one by one, go off as they came; the little sister hanging back to the last moment to watch the altar and the priest. Finally the procession of priests also moves away, disappearing up the hill in single file, the flamens bearing high their lighted torches; the priest last.

Notes

[Contributions in the form of notes or discussions should be sent to John A. Scott, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.]

LIVY II, 13, 10

Productis omnibus eligisse impubes dicitur, quod et virginitati decorum et consensu obsidum ipsorum probabile erat, eam aetatem potissimum liberari ab hoste, quae maxime opportuna iniuriae esset.

The construction and meaning of this passage telling of Cloelia's selection of young boys from among the hostages held by Tarquin is not clearly or adequately explained, at least in our school editions. Dennison renders *probabile* "approved"; so also the Weissenborn-Müller edition. The correct shade of meaning is brought out by the rendering in the Prendeville-Freese edition; "a selection which reflected honour on her maiden delicacy and was one likely to be approved of by the unanimous consent of the hostages themselves." This is excellent as far as it goes but the *quod* is evidently construed as a relative pronoun. One therefore finds himself in difficulties on reaching the words *probabile erat*, a phrase which already has as its subject the clause *aetatem-liberari*. In reality the *quod* is causal giving Livy's explanation of Cloelia's selection of the young boys, "because it was on the one hand seemly to her maidenly modesty, and on the other the plan of freeing those of an age most sure to suffer harm was likely to be approved by the unanimous consent of the hostages themselves."

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SUETONIUS IULIUS 52.1

This passage, dealing with Caesar's amours, reads as follows:

dilexit et reginas, inter quas Eunoen Mauram Bogudis uxorem, cui maritoque eius plurima et immensa tribuit, ut Naso scripsit.

The Naso mentioned is, it is assumed, the Marcus Actorius Naso cited by Suetonius in *Iulius* 9.3 as a source with reference to Caesar's participation in the so-called *superior coniuratio*. Apparently Naso is mentioned only in these two passages in all classical literature.

This fact becomes the more striking when we observe that in the passage under consideration none of the good MSS read *Naso*, and absolutely none at all furnish us a key to the correct *cognomen* by giving either the *praenomen* or the *nomen*. In chapter 9 there is no question of the reading. But knowing as little as we do about *Naso*, merely the little that may be gleaned from chapter 9, we cannot feel at all certain that he is the author of a voluminous *Anti-Caesar*. That he was hostile to Caesar seems clear from Chapter 9, and that he wrote of Caesar's plots with Piso, but this gives us no warrant for accepting without question the statement that he also wrote of Caesar's amours in Africa and the gifts he made to Eunoe and her husband, Bogud.

The MS readings as given by Ihm (1907) are as follows:

Naso—t(Mancinellus)

uasa—[apparently corrected from *uasu*]*—M*
(earlier scholars took it as *uasta*)

uasa—X' T

uasas—G

Accordingly, we see that not a single one of the eleven MSS which Ihm considers of major authority reads *Naso*.¹

The thought has suggested itself to me that *Varus* may be the correct reading. It is to be noted that, according to Ihm, the original reading of M was apparently *uasu*; this would differ from the name *Varus* in but two respects: (1) the loss of final *s*, and (2) the substitution of *s* for *r*. But in reference to the first of these we have aid in the fact that G reads *uasas*, retaining the final *s*. Moreover, in Ihm's larger edition (p. XXXVII) numerous instances are cited where all MSS or M alone lost final *s*. The substitution of *s* for *r* has other examples in the MSS of Suetonius, as Ihm shows (p. XLVII).

Palaeographically *Varus* is, it seems to me, better than *Naso*, the latter implying that *u* was substituted for *n*, and *a* for *o*; the latter is a common enough error, but in regard to the former this (says Ihm, p. XLVIII) is the only instance in M, though found in the other MSS. The fact, however, that M, our oldest and best MS, has nowhere else made the mistake which must be accepted as made here if we read *Naso*, also tends to make us hesitate to accept this reading.

Who then is this Varus, whose name would be substituted for that of Naso? He is Publius Attius Varus, one of Pompey's officers in the Civil War; his hostility to Caesar is clear enough. He it was who commanded the army in Africa which participated in the successful struggle with Curio's force; later, (indeed at the very time Caesar was fighting the African War against Scipio and Juba) Varus was fleet commander off the coast of Africa (*Bell. Afr.* 44, 62, 63). Finally he participated in the Spanish War and was slain at Munda.

We have seen that he was hostile to Caesar, and that he had contact with Africa both as general against Curio, and as admiral off its coast. Accordingly, opportunity clearly existed for him to hear tales of Caesar's relations with Eunoe, wife of Bogud, King of Mauretania.

But Varus' contact with Africa went back even several years earlier, when he was *propraetor* there; this enabled him to acquire a particular knowledge of the country and the people. Says Caesar (*B. C. I.* 31) concerning the time when Varus came to Africa and at once raised two legions by a levy; *hominum et locorum notitia et usu eius provinciae nactus aditus ad ea conanda, quod paucis ante annis ex praetura eam provinciam obtinuerat.*

The fact that with the reading *Naso* this man would be named merely by his *cognomen* would, to be sure, have warrant in our author; when a person has been mentioned once by *praenomen* (or *nomen*) and *cognomen* and is later referred to, Suetonius frequently uses the *cognomen* only. In

¹ All editions to which I have had access read *Naso*, save the *editio Basiliensis* of 1546 (†*Vasa*) and the *editio Gryphiana* of 1547 (*Vasa*); the *éditiones principes* (*Ven. I* and *Rom.*) read *et vasa*. Bentley favored *Vasta*; Heinsius suggested *Vassa* or *Valia*. *Naso* was accepted among early scholars by Pulmannus, Torrentius, and Casaubon.

fact there are three instances in the life of Julius where the gap between the first mention and the second is approximately as great as that which would be postulated here between chapter 9 (*M. Actorius Naso*) and chapter 52 (*Naso*).² But this particular name *Naso*, used at so great a distance from the mention of *M. Actorius Naso*, is far more likely to suggest the poet Ovid, who is again and again referred to by this name alone, both in his own writings (*Am.* I. 11. 27, II. 1. 2; *Tristia* I. 7. 10, II. 119; *Ex Ponto* I. 1. 1, etc.) and in those of others (*Martial* I. 61. 6, V. 10. 10, XII. 44. 6; *Statius Silvae* I. 2. 255; *Sidonius Carm.* 23. 159, etc.) As against these references to Ovid by the name *Naso*, we have not a single mention of *M. Actorius Naso* in all classical literature save that in chapter 9 of this life, and there he is given his full name; accordingly, if one should read *Naso* forty-three chapters after the mention of this obscure writer, would he not as a matter of course associate it with Ovid, so often called by this name?

On the other hand, there are in *Iulius* (which may perhaps be taken in this respect as typical of Suetonius' usage) nine instances of persons who are never referred to by more than a single name;³ these are *Sertorium* (5), *Cicero* (9.2), *Axiom* (9.2), *Catilinea* (14.1), *Scipionem* (35.2), *Mamurra* (73), *Pitholai* (75.5), *Pacuvi* (84.2), and *Acili* (84.2). To this class the proposed reading *Varus* would belong.

It must be remembered that *Varus* is mentioned frequently in Caesar's *Bellum Civile* and in Cicero's *Pro Q. Ligario*; in the former, when first mentioned he is called by the single name *Attius* (I. 12.3), and then *Attium Varum* (I. 13.1). Caesar uses *Attius* alone with reference to him twice,⁴ *P. Attius* three times,⁵ *Attius Varus* twice,⁶ *P. Attius Varus* once,⁷ and *Varus* alone fifteen times.⁸ Accordingly, on reading *Varus* one is far more likely to think of this man, who is so frequently spoken of by this name alone, than on reading *Naso* to think of *M. Actorius Naso*.

Varus was Caesar's enemy, knew the country and people of Africa well, had been propraetor of that province, was later general there, and then commanded the fleet off its coast. It was he, I believe, who picked up the tale of Caesar's extravagant gifts to Eunoe, his reputed mistress, and her husband, king Bogud, and this tale told by him Suetonius found, probably in some secondary source, and incorporated into his biography of Caesar.

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² There is a gap of forty-one chapters between the reference to Afranius and Petreius in chapter 34 and that in chapter 75, one of forty-five chapters between the reference to Dolabella in chapter 4 and that in chapter 49, and one of forty-eight chapters between the reference to Faustus Sulla in chapter 27 and that in chapter 75.

³ In this list are omitted all cases where a single name is used but a defining noun or clause added, e. g. *magistri equitum Lepidi* (82.4), *Cinnae quater consulis* (1.1), *Titurio et Aurunculeio legatis* (25.2).

⁴ I. 12.3 and II. 28.3.

⁵ II. 23.3, II. 34.2, II. 36.2.

⁶ I. 31.2 and II. 27.1.

⁷ II. 23.1.

⁸ I. 13.2, I. 13.4, II. 25.1, II. 25.3, II. 28.1, II. 30.2, II. 33.3 (deleting *Attius* with Meusel), II. 34.3, II. 34.7, II. 35.1, II. 35.2, II. 35.6, II. 43.2, II. 44.1, and II. 44.2.

Current Events

[Edited by Clarence W. Gleason, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass., for territory covered by the Association of New England and the Atlantic States; Daniel W. Lothman, East High School, Cleveland, Ohio, for the Middle States, west to the Mississippi River; George Howe, the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for the Southeastern States, Walter Miller, the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., for the Southwestern States; and Franklin H. Potter, the University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa, for the territory of the Association west of the Mississippi, exclusive of Louisiana and Texas. News from the Pacific Coast may be sent to Miss Julianne A. Roller, Franklin High School, Portland, Ore., and to Mr. Walter A. Edwards, Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, Cal. This department will present everything that is properly news—occurrences from month to month, meetings, changes in faculties, performances of various kinds, etc. All news items should be sent to the associate editors named above.]

California

Long Beach.—The Long Beach Polytechnic High School has a thoroughly alive and progressive Latin club. Last spring, under the direction of their Latin instructor, Miss Florence Kimball, and with the assistance of the Applied Art class, they gave an entertainment in four parts: (1) Vestal Virgins' Ceremony to the Gods, (2) Miss Paxson's play, "A Roman Wedding," (3) Greek Maidens Playing Ball—a Classic Festival, (4) Classic Frieze. The club has previously given "A Roman School" and has planned to give a Roman banquet.

Colorado

Denver.—Miss Myrna C. Langley, of the North Side High School, writes: "The North Side High School has for some time been silent, but not inactive. Since our last report, we have made and shown Miss Sabin's exhibit, 'The Practical Value of Latin,' to which we added a number of cards. The cards were hung in the wide corridors of our building, where they were constantly surrounded by curious and admiring crowds. They remained up for some weeks and were visited by other high schools and by several grade schools in the city.

Last year we organized a large Latin club. It meets at the assembly period, which is about half an hour in length and gives time for a short, snappy program. In the spring, with our dues of fifteen cents, we bought the Life of Julius Caesar set of the Eastman slides. We had six programs last year, given by the different classes in turn. The Virgil class started with a dialogue between a school boy and the spirits of Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil, each pointing out to the boy the pleasures in store for him. Virgil had the best of it, because he went to the lantern and showed a number of the Virgil set of the Eastman slides which the Welfare Girls of our school had presented to the Latin department. Our program for the year included among other things, 'The School Boy's Dream,' the play 'Rex Helvetiorum,' 'Pome of a Possum,' papers on Roman Festivals, Meals, Caesar's Life and Mother

Goose in Latin, costumed and acted. For the Caesar program, one of the boys in the class wrote a very clever play called, "What Comes After What?", showing grammatical relationships by having pupils impersonate case forms and prepositions. We sang 'Gaudeamus' and the other classic songs, as well as the Latinized 'Bubbles,' 'Roma Ardet,' etc. The last program was especially liked. As a girl recited a few stanzas from the close of Matthew Arnold's 'Empedocles on Aetna,' the Muses filed in inappropriate costumes, led by Apollo. Apollo then described himself by quoting from Childe Harold, and each Muse gave a verse to describe herself. Then we gave a thriller, 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' turned into Latin by two members of the Virgil class and acted most realistically.

The Club has reorganized this year, two hundred strong and has already given the play 'Orgetorix.' We hope to have a public entertainment this winter.

The Latin department this year has a column in our school paper, the North Star, which is proving to be a very lively part of the paper. It has two editors in the Virgil class, and a reporter in each Latin section.

On October 14, the Virgil class celebrated Virgil's birthday by songs, a mythology game, at which little classical figures were given as prizes, and by the ever thrilling 'Sortes Virgilianae,' when lots made up of lines from Virgil were drawn by members of the class."

Illinois

Litchfield.—Miss Edith Dougherty, of the Litchfield High School, writes of a novel plan of mutual help and promotion of a community of interest between the different classes in Latin which is heartily to be commended to all teachers. Miss Dougherty writes: "I had my freshman class in Latin learn some anecdotes and go before the senior class and recite them. Also a junior girl went before the freshman class and delivered an address of her own composing." This address is so well conceived and expressed, and so clearly put the pith of the matter of mastering the fundamentals once for all in the first year, that we deem it worthy of a place, entire, in our pages.

Some of you first year Latin pupils have been so good as to visit our class in Vergil and tell us some of the things that you have been learning. We appreciated that, every one of us, and we want to thank you for coming.

Lately I have heard several of the members of the Junior class make statements that I thought would be of interest to you. Therefore, I am going to tell you what some of them said. One Junior girl who is taking Vergil this year has to work very hard at it, though she really enjoys it. She said to me one day: "I wish that I had done a better job on my first year Latin, I know I wouldn't have to work *half* so hard now if I had worked harder then." I believe that that is the general feeling among those taking the more advanced Latin. We want you to know that we feel that way about it. One reason that I came here this morning was to urge all of you really to master the work assigned. Of course lots of the things that you are asked to learn sound perfectly senseless to you at first. But you can take my word for it that they are not. I feel quite sure that none of us have been asked to do anything without good reason.

Another reason for my coming here was that I wanted to urge you *not* to drop your Latin course. You may not see any reasons for continuing with it, but there are

reasons, and good ones. I happen to know of one girl who was in our Latin class during the first two years. She did exceptionally good work both years, but could not be persuaded to continue it this year. She said to me one day: "But what's the use? You will never need your Latin. People don't talk Latin. What good will it do you?"

No arguments could convince her then, but only last week she said: "I'm disappointed in my course this year. I wish now that I had taken Latin, instead of one of my other subjects. I feel as if I'd almost wasted those two years, for it won't do me nearly so much good as if I'd taken more of it."

We feel quite sure that some of you will be tempted to make the same mistake. But don't do it. There are many reasons for going on.

In the first place, the knowledge of the old stories and the classic myths which one derives from a study of Vergil is in itself worth having. When you come to your course in third year English, you will find that you have to know any number of classical allusions. And I believe that those of the Latin class who are doing that work will testify to the fact that it is two or three times as easy for us to remember the myths as it is for those who are not taking Latin.

Of course in this way you are helped to a clearer understanding of much of the great literature. But you are also helped in your reading in another way. Of course you can not be a really good reader unless you know words. And you have no idea how greatly a study of Latin broadens your vocabulary. The more Latin you take, the easier all your work in English becomes for you.

In a general way, these things affect all of us. But I imagine that I hear some of you saying: "But I'm going into business. Anyway, I don't care much for reading of any kind." Don't you realize that the United States is not cut off entirely from other countries? We are not self-supporting. We depend upon other countries for certain products, while they in turn are dependent upon us. From now on our country will probably play a more and more important part in international affairs. Then, isn't it quite likely that the person who will rise highest in business affairs—and I'm sure you don't want to stay in the bottom rank forever—will be one who knows one or more languages other than his own? But what has that to do with Latin? Just this: About seventy-five or eighty percent of Spanish, French, or Italian comes directly from Latin. Wouldn't it be easier to learn twenty or twenty-five per cent of a language than to learn it all? I think that sounds quite reasonable, don't you?

And really, if you have done a good, thorough job on your first year of Latin, you don't need to dread the second, or the third, or the fourth. Thus far, it has seemed to me that the more Latin one takes, the easier it becomes. Two years from now, I hope there will be more than nine pupils in the Vergil class, as we have now. Make up your mind now that you won't be satisfied until you have completed the four year course, and then stick to your resolution. You'll never be sorry, I'll assure you. But remember that you can't expect to enjoy your advanced work greatly or to get the most out of it unless you go after this work and conquer it. Don't neglect any of it. If you really master this, I know that you'll be repaid many times.

Minnesota

Minneapolis.—The first meeting of the Twin City Classical Club was addressed by Mr. E. Dudley Parsons, an English teacher of West High School, who had just returned from a summer spent in Spain. Mr. Parson's subject was "The Eternal Latin." He introduced his subject with the prediction that by the year 2000 A. D. Spanish would be the world language. His

reasons for this were the increasing enrollment in high school Spanish classes, and statistics based on the resources of Great Britain, Canada, the United States and Australia, favoring the English language compared with those of Spain, Central and South America, which would foster Spanish speaking populations. Regardless of any difference of opinion, the speaker's figures were ingeniously and interestingly arrayed. Great Britain, he claimed, had reached the "saturation point" in population. Canada was a land two-thirds ice and snow. The United States is a babel of languages, destined through trade with South America to become predominantly Spanish. Australia is one-half desert. India will be lost to Great Britain.

As may be easily inferred, "The Eternal Latin" is best reflected in the language of sunny Spain. As Mr. Parsons developed this point of his theme, the writer was reminded of a remark made by Dr. Paul Shorey who said that one who had anywhere nearly mastered the Latin language need take no course in Spanish prior to a sojourn in Spain. All he had required, when he made his first trip to that land, was an elementary Spanish reader from which, within a few hours as his train wended its way from France, he obtained enough Spanish to enable him to make his way about very comfortably.

The Central High Latin Club opened its fifth year with two programs which were well received. In the first the new members were initiated in a most cruel and extraordinary manner,—at least, so the girl members thought. The long line of initiates, each holding a saucer which contained a bit of water and whose under surface was richly laden with soot obtained from a smoking candle, were told to "look the executioner in the eye and follow his every movement." As the executioner, with unblackened finger, performed the mystic signs about the prominent portions of his face, the results portrayed on the faces of the initiates were all that the expectant audience could desire! A prize of half a brick of ice-cream was offered for the greatest number of correct Latin equivalents of various parts of the body which one boy pointed out on another's person. In the second meeting a boy opened the program with a Chopin Polonaise, Opus 40, No. 1. A girl gave a classic dance, followed by a Spanish dance of more modern style. A boy gave a comic reading in Latin, and then all tried to solve a barrage of Latin conundrums.

A class in Greek has been started at Central High School. In addition to the regular technical work, occasional lectures are given on Greek art, literature, and philosophy. It is hoped that by varying the nature of the work, weaving in a judicious amount of the beautiful and entertaining side of the subject, the language may be revived and hold again a place of its own.

Mississippi

Vicksburg.—Miss Mary Leslie Newton of All Saints' College sends us the following account of a pageant written for and presented by her first year high school class as their share in the high school commencement exercises. The pageant was entitled "A Roman Birthday," and the text, composed by Miss Newton, will be found elsewhere in this number of the JOURNAL. "The Caesar class offered Miss Lawler's *Rex Helvetiorum*, but we could find nothing quite suitable for the First Year, which should be ex-

tremely simple, and at the same time more or less true to Latin life. The two older classes offered respectively a French play and an allegorical pageant, the latter of which was given outdoors on the same afternoon as the two little Latin plays. Our playground offers a natural amphitheatre, the players acting on the rather gentle slope where two comparatively steep tree-covered hills meet, and the audience being seated on the level ground below. Thus the scenery needed little shift for the different scenes; and the procession of priests with lighted torches, winding up the green hill at the close, was very effective.

Ohio

Athens.—There have been some changes in the department of Latin in Ohio University. Dafydd J. Evans, formerly Professor of Latin, has retired after a long and useful service. Latin and Greek have been combined into one department under Professor Victor D. Hill, and the work has been strengthened by the addition of Harry Fletcher Scott, formerly of the University of Chicago High School, as Associate Professor.

On the retirement of Dr. Evans the faculty and alumni of the University raised a sum of money the proceeds of which are to provide a prize for excellence of attainment in Latin studies in the University. This is known as the Dafydd J. Evans Latin Prize and will amount to \$31.20 each year.

On Friday, September 30, under the auspices of the Classical Club of the University there was brought to Athens George Kleine's "Julius Caesar." This is a full six reel-photoplay portraying the military and social life of Julius Caesar from his early marriage at the time of Sulla through his candidacy for consulship, the first triumvirate, the Gallic War, the Civil War, and the conspiracy which brought about his death. The picture is full of interest as well as educational value and has had many commendations from people whose interests are not particularly classical.

Delaware.—The Latin Club of Ohio Wesleyan University held its first meeting of the college year on October 13th, when it welcomed new members and made plans by which the membership of the club will be greatly increased. Plans for the year include the performance of a Christmas Morality Play, recently arranged by Professor Robinson, to celebrate the Christmas Season as the Easter Season is now annually observed by the performance of "Christus Triumphator."

In connection with this, readers of the JOURNAL will be interested to know that Professor Robinson has just published a pamphlet entitled: "Plays and Songs for Latin Clubs." This collection contains "Christus Parvulus," a Morality Play of the Nativity; "Christus Triumphator," a Morality Play of the Resurrection; "Pyramus and Thisbe"; and "Horatius Implicitus," a dramatization of Satire IX, Book I, of the Satires of Horace. Included in the collection are four Christmas Carols, translated into Latin by Professor Robinson, useful for clubs which are in need of such material. These carols are translations of "Joy to the World," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Silent Night," and "There's a Song in the Air."

Three Fellowships in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens will be offered in 1922-23.

One Fellowship in Architecture with a stipend of \$1500. Information about the requirements may be obtained by addressing Professor Edward Capps, Princeton, N. J.

Two Fellowships in Greek Archaeology, each of \$1000. These will be awarded partly on the basis of a competitive examination which will be given March 20-22, 1922. Each candidate must take the examination in Modern Greek and in any three of the following six subjects: General Greek Archaeology, Greek Architecture, Greek Epigraphy, Pausanias, Book I, and the Topography and Monuments of Ancient Athens, Greek Sculpture, and Greek Vases. Application for admission to the examination must be made not later than February 1, 1922, to the Chairman of the Committee on Fellowships, Professor Samuel E. Bassett, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont, to whom all inquiries and communications with regard to the Fellowships in Greek Archaeology should be addressed.

The annual meeting of the Classical Association of Great Britain was held this year at Cambridge University, August 2-5. The American Philological Association had been requested to participate and something like a score of its members were in attendance. The American delegates will not soon forget the hospitality that was extended to them. We were entertained absolutely without expense to ourselves in the various colleges of the University. The group in which I was included enjoyed the hospitality of St. John's College, where we dined in hall with the fellows and took our other meals more informally but with even greater good fellowship in the combination room.

The evening of August 2 was devoted to a reception given by Vice-chancellor and Mrs. Percy Giles at Emmanuel College. The sessions opened next morning with an address by the Vice-chancellor in which he made appreciative reference to Professors Gildersleeve and Henry Jackson. He was followed by Professor C. J. Smith, *emeritus*, of Wisconsin, who brought the greetings of the American Philological Association in a tactful and admirably phrased address in which he included a tribute to Professor Gildersleeve. He closed with an appeal for help and sympathy to German scholars. His words gained a pathetic emphasis later in the meeting when a pitiful letter from a Breslau professor was read to the meeting. "We cannot live," it said, "and I am near to despair! Can't something be done for us?"

After the reading of a letter from Dean West, relative to the Classical League, President-elect Walter Leaf of the British Association, not the least of the British bankers who have also done brilliant work in the classics, delivered a masterly address on "Classics and Realities." He emphasized the demand of the working men themselves for a classical education. Translation is practice in putting oneself into another man's place and thinking his thoughts. The value of such training is recognized by those business men who want men who can deal with men. The highest science is not, as men were prone to believe in war time, the chemistry of fats, but the biology of mankind,—the study of human development. Of this study the classics form a very important part. Their success is conditional upon our keeping awake in society at large a widespread and general curiosity. The paper

closed with a masterly and expert discussion of certain passages relating to ancient Greek banking and a plea for a history of that subject.

The afternoon was marked by a debate on the position of the classics, especially Greek. To the American delegates the tone and content of the discussion were sadly familiar. Our English brethren are beginning to feel the pinch that we have experienced for nearly a score of years. Professor John Harrower of Aberdeen University opened the discussion. He urged that we make no false claims in our fight for Greek. Our surest asset and argument is the substantial value of the literature. A professor from Canada offered somewhat pessimistic remarks on the situation in the Dominion, and another from South Australia described how he lost his fight for Greek at Adelaide. He championed a separate faculty of languages instead of a composite faculty of arts and sciences. He had been defeated by the professors of chemistry and physics and economics and by certain others who professed nothing in particular. The discussion was continued next afternoon with the usual inconclusive result of such jeremiads.

The evening meeting was held in the Archaeological Museum and consisted of two illustrated lectures, one on *The Underground Basilica* near the *Porta Maggiore*, by Mrs. Arthur Strong, of the British School at Rome; the other on the characteristics of some ancient Italian Cities by Professor A. W. Van Buren of the American Academy at Rome.

On August 4, Professor Housman spoke on the Application of Thought to Textual Criticism, in which he made depreciatory remarks about emendation that is based chiefly on palaeographical considerations. Professor Conway spoke on *Livy* as a historical Critic and combatted the depreciation of *Livy* that was fashionable in the nineteenth century. *Livy* was interested not so much in law or institutions as in men and women,—a subject for which that century cared comparatively little. The speaker adduced instances of unfair criticism by Mommsen, whose prejudice has vitiated *Livian* criticism for half a century.

Professor Glover read a paper on "After Alexander," and Professor Cornford another on the interpretation of Greek religion. It was amusingly punctuated by frequent and fervent *amens* from Professor Ridgeway whenever the speaker mentioned some position or dogma opposed to his own.

The American papers were interesting and well presented. They included *Elegiac Style* by Professor Wheeler of Bryn Mawr, a paper by Professor Calhoun of California in which he denied that Greek criminal law originated in religious considerations, and a brilliant and witty essay on *Venantius Fortunatus* by Professor Rand of Harvard.

There was a reception in Gouville and Caius College on the afternoon of August 4 by Sir William and Lady Ridgeway, and another on August 5 in the hall of Kings College by invitation of the provost, Sir Walter Durnford, and the fellows of the college.

J. W. HEWITT.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Hints for Teachers

Edited by B. L. Ullman, University of Iowa

[The aim of this department is to furnish high-school teachers of Latin with material which will be of direct and immediate help to them in the class-room. Teachers are requested to send questions about their teaching problems to B. L. Ullman, Iowa City, Iowa. Replies to such questions as appear to be of general interest will be published in this department. Others will, as far as possible, be answered by mail. Teachers are also asked to send to the same address short paragraphs dealing with teaching devices, methods, and materials which they have found helpful. These will be published with due credit if they seem useful to others.]

Latin for English

Three years ago an Iowa school superintendent wrote: "A boy will take 'Word Analysis' but dreads 'Latin.' Let us make Latin more practical—not drop it. We might call it 'Word Analysis' the first year."

Last spring a teacher wrote as follows: "I have for a long time felt the need of some course in our High School that would assist pupils in the mastery of English and it has occurred to me that an old-fashioned study of roots, prefixes and suffixes would answer this long-felt need. I wish this course to be of interest to pupils who find our courses in Latin too difficult and yet wish to understand English." I replied to the effect that in my opinion it was neither necessary nor desirable to develop a special non-Latin course, but that the teaching of Latin should be revised so as to meet the need suggested. What is good for some pupils is good for all. Experience has shown that Latin is very valuable for English, especially if attention is given to the correlation. Experience has also shown that courses in word study apart from Latin have done little good. If I am not mistaken word study used to be outlined as part of the English work in New York State but was dropped. It has recently been provided for in connection with Latin. It has always been true that when Latin and Greek teachers have succeeded with some phase of their work some one has promptly appeared to separate that successful phase from Latin and Greek. The talk about word study at present is a proof that Latin teachers are succeeding in making Latin practical. I agree heartily with the superintendent who wanted to make Latin practical. But it is not necessary to disguise it under another name. If Latin is properly taught students will not dread it.

If every Latin teacher will do all that is possible in making Latin valuable for English there will be no need for special courses. As I see it, it is a vital matter for us to do this and to discourage special courses in word study, especially when these are given, as they will be, by teachers who do not know a word of Latin and who are hostile to it.

Parallels

Even the newspaper "comics," most modern of "literary" forms and most potent in their influence, seem to borrow from the Classics. One of them recently showed a callow youth philosophizing on the queerness of life: "There's that fat Gwendolyn Sweet—she follows me around like a shadow—and I don't care one snap about her. Then take Lillums—she's one of the sweetest creatures in nine states—but you catch her throwin' herself at me—no siree." This is very much like Horace, *Carm.* I. 33:

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoen: sed prius Apulis
Iungentur capreae lupis,
Quam turpi Pholoe peccet adultero.

Third Semester Latin

The practical point of this discussion is in the last paragraph, but it needs a bit of introduction.

It is a familiar fact that conditions in our high schools are not what they used to be. Vast numbers of students now go to high school who would not have gone beyond the eighth grade a generation ago. They are intellectually or at least linguistically inferior and they bring down the level of achievement. The enrichment of the curriculum has also brought a lower standard. There are more distractions than there used to be. These and other factors have in many cases slowed up the Latin work in spite of the improvement in text books and methods.

Even in the good old days it was often found difficult adequately to prepare students for Caesar in one year. We have long been hearing about "bridging the gap between the first year and Caesar." It may readily be seen that in our present situation the gap is still greater. Not even the beginning books whose one expressed aim is to prepare for Caesar have solved the problem. In many schools the only practicable solution is to increase the time given to the elementary work by putting some of it in the second year and to decrease the amount of Caesar to be read. It is true that in some schools the problem does not exist because of a combination of favorable circumstances, such as a long school year, long periods, good teaching, good students. In such schools it would be a crime to dilute the course of study.

There is no question that there is now a strong tendency to extend the elementary work as indicated. For example, the Syllabus for the schools of the state of New York requires thirty pages of easy reading for the third half year, including Ritchie's *The Argonauts*, Nepos' *Hannibal*, Caesar I 1-12, 23-29, 50-54, a total of only 24 chapters of Caesar.

The question now seems to be whether a maximum of three half years shall be devoted to elementary Latin and "easy reading" (such as *Fabulae Faciles*, *Viri Romae*, simplified Caesar) or whether two whole years shall be given to them. As between the two possibilities I am decidedly in favor of the former and opposed to the latter. For one thing I believe that three

half years are sufficient. Again we must remember that by far the greatest number of our students take Latin for two years only. It seems wrong that such students should never read a continuous passage of genuine Classical Latin. I am not pleading for Caesar. I should be willing to omit Caesar entirely if a satisfactory substitute could be found.

But the real purpose of this discussion is to be indicated in this final paragraph. Granting that in the third half year Caesar should be eliminated entirely or in part, of what should the work consist? In the first place there must be a thorough review of the vocabulary, inflections and syntax studied in the first year. Then there must be a continuation of the systematic methods of the first year in learning new vocabulary, inflections and syntax. This is a very important point. Finally there must be a considerable amount of "easy reading." The order indicated above is not, of course, intended to be chronological. The study of vocabulary and grammar will be taken up in connection with the reading. The problem is what to read. Ritchie's *Fabulae Faciles*, Lhomond's *Viri Romae*, and other simplified versions of Roman history have been used. This and other material is to be found in several second-year books now on the market. I feel rather dubious about *Fabulae Faciles*. Are they interesting and worth while in themselves, are the vocabulary and syntax important, and most of all, are the students who read them better prepared to read Caesar or other Classical Latin? Teachers who have tried this and other reading can help their fellow-teachers a great deal by writing me in some detail about their experience.

Virgil Notebooks

Miss Edith M. Sanford, of the New Haven, Conn., High School, writes:

For four years my pupils have made illustrated notebooks in connection with their study of the *Aeneid*. Before school begins I order sixty pictures for each member of my class. By ordering from both the University Prints Company and from the Thompson Company of Syracuse, a much greater variety of pictures may be obtained. Sixty pictures are required but I tell the pupils that they may buy as many more as they wish and usually they buy nearly twice that number. I have a list of about 250 pictures from which they make their selection. Two or three different methods of treatment are suggested but I tell them that they are free to use their own ideas, and I have never found two books in which the pictures were arranged in the same order or in which the subject matter was treated in the same way. For instance, I suggest that the first page may have upon it a picture of Calliope, of Parnassus, of Juno, or of Virgil. That suggests four different methods of approach to the story. Often, while we are discussing in class the thought of the passage read, I suggest a picture or a quotation or a story for the book. Each book of the *Aeneid* has a distinctive and suggestive picture on its introductory page; as, Book I, "Juno"; Book II, "Aeneas at the Court of Dido"; Book III, "Apollo"; Book IV, "Melpomene"; Book V, "The Discobolus"; Book VI, "The Cumaean Sibyl." Under each picture is a quotation which may be either Latin from the text or an English translation taken from Dryden's *Aeneid*. We set off a certain number of pages at the back of the book for the Latin quotations which are learned, for a certain number of lines of scansion from each book, for figures of speech with examples from the text, and for allusions to Virgil in modern English.

A few pupils have given short sketches of the lives of the artists but this is not required. Some of the students who have the talent have decorated the pages fittingly in water colors or pen and ink. On a page of narrative dealing with Juno we have a peacock; with Athena an owl; with Bacchus a stem of grapes; with Iris a rainbow, etc. A framed picture is given as a prize at the close of the year to the pupil whose book is adjudged best by three judges. My Cicero classes have made notebooks in somewhat the same way. I feel that it is exceedingly valuable work and would be worth while for the knowledge gained about pictures, even if we did not consider the much keener interest in the subject in general and the improved knowledge of mythology, which is so much clearer than it ever could be by the usual method of study.

Miss Marion A. Dean, of the Bennington, Vt., High School, writes:

The secondary school Latin course which seems especially to offer an opportunity for literary appreciation is that in Virgil's *Aeneid*. An adaptation of a notebook plan which I followed in college for the study of Horace works out very profitably in connection with the *Aeneid*, Book I. It can easily be used with the other books if time permits.

Book I lends itself to a division into twelve parts distinct enough to be called word picture groups. In the student's notebook each part may be headed *Pars Prima*, *Pars Secunda*, etc. Each division is then studied carefully and the results are written out under the following eight outline headings, with a brief explanation of each: I. *Argumentum*, an appropriate, original title, such as "The Wrath of Juno," "Juno's Visit to Aeolus," "The Storm," ending with "The Feast in Dido's Palace," which is the last of the twelve divisions; II. *Metrica*, the first verse with scansion indicated; III. *Construiones*, note made of the important grammatical constructions; IV. *Notanda*, myths, references, irregularities in scansion or syntax; V. *Verba Ardentia*, quoted passages from the "Aeneid"; VI. *Graphica*, names of illustrations; VII. *Similia*, imitations in English poetry and prose; VIII. *Me Iudice*, an original bit of poetry which may embody the main thought of the passage or may be a personal estimate or criticism. This need not consist of more than four lines; yet it will serve its purpose in giving the student a new means of expression and arousing interest and competition.

Hints for *Similia* are to be found in the notes of the best texts, while the teacher will supply examples from other sources as well as encourage students to search for them.

For *Graphica* the prints obtainable from the Perry Pictures Co. and others at small cost will add attraction to the notebook and introduce the student to well known pictures.

It is sometimes well to read through Book I before having the class begin the notebook work, although both may be taken up together successfully. The completion of a notebook of this type not only fixes in the student's mind mythical references, figures of speech, and irregularities in scansion and syntax, but impresses upon his mind the value of the *Aeneid* as a literary masterpiece.

The addresses of the picture dealers mentioned in the above and of others are given in the "Hints" for June, 1921. I have seen several notebooks by pupils of Miss Sanford and found them interesting.

Plays in English

In the "Hints" for last February I gave a list of plays in Latin suitable for high-school use. Below I give a list of plays in English, dealing with Classical themes, which may be used with high-school classes.

- Sutherland, Olive, *The Schoolboy's Dream*, *Classical Journal*, VII (1912), 181-83. Based on Caesar. A clever little play for two characters.
- Case, Effie, *The Conspiracy*. A short play (three pages) printed with two short stories in a pamphlet, *Between the Lines of "Cicero" and "Caesar,"* published by Effie Case, 807 Lyon Healy Bldg., Chicago, Ill., 25 cents. The play is based on Cicero's Orations against Catiline.
- Miller, F. J., *Two Dramatizations from Vergil*. University of Chicago Press. \$1.00, postpaid \$1.10. Contains two plays, *Dido, The Phoenician Queen*, and *The Fall of Troy*. Both are in verse. They have been great favorites and have been given successfully in a great many schools.
- Code, Grant H., *When the Fates Decree*. Published by the author, 69 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass., \$.75. Based on the story of Aeneas and Dido. Written in verse while the author was a high-school student. Successfully given in a number of schools.
- Levinger, Elma E., *The Return of Spring*. Typed copy from the author, 700 Grand Ave., Evansville, Ind. \$3.00. Deals with the Persephone myth. Said to be very beautiful. 25 minutes.
- The Eldrige Entertainment House, Franklin, O., and Denver, Col., publishes the following: *Pyramus and Thisbe*, 25 cents. Based on Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I have not seen it. *The Vestal Virgins*, 15 cents. A simple taper-drill for girls. Has been given in many schools.

Latin Composition

I was about to write a paragraph suggesting that it was desirable for the teacher to make up English sentences for translation according to the needs of the class when a letter came from a teacher suggesting the same plan, among others. If composition is to be an aid in strengthening weak places in grammar the plan suggested would seem to be the logical one. It is true that good composition books anticipate the weak places in some measure, but classes differ a great deal. The teacher referred to, Miss Myrtle Pullen, of the Britt, Ia., High School, writes as follows:

Instead of having composition one day each week, we read text steadily for five weeks with the exception of using a few sentences in sight writing, as the need arises. Then I devote the entire sixth week to composition, sometimes using sentences from the text, but usually making my own to suit the needs of the class. By doing this I find that the pupil retains what he learns much more readily as there is opportunity for stressing difficult points the second day, whereas in a week's time they are usually forgotten. The last lesson can well be used for summing up the most important points of the four preceding lessons.

Perhaps some one may think composition too dull to spend a week at a time on it, but I find that the interest increases as the lessons progress. The pupils frequently ask for an additional lesson on the following Monday. This they do not get, however, as I would rather leave them wishing for more than kill the desire with one lesson too many.

I should like to know if others have used this plan and if so with what success.

Recent Books

Foreign books in this list may be obtained from Lemcke & Buechner, 30-32 West 27th St., New York City; G. E. Stechert & Co., 151-55 West 25th St., New York City; F. C. Stechert & Co., 29-35 West 32d St., New York City.

- APOLLODORUS. *The Library*, with an English translation by SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER. Vols. I, II. (Loeb Classical Library.) New York: Putnam. Pp. lix+403, 546. \$4.50.
- CRAWFORD, F. MARION. *Ave Roma Immortalis*: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. New edition, revised. New York: Macmillan. Pp. x+613. \$3.50.
- FERRERO, GUGLIELMO. *The Ruin of the Ancient Civilization and the Triumph of Christianity*: with some consideration of conditions in the Europe of today. Translated by the Hon. Lady Whitehead. New York: Putnam. Pp. vii+210. \$2.50.
- HERODOTUS: with an English translation by A. D. GODLEY. Vol. II, Books III and IV (Loeb Classical Library). New York: Putnam. Pp. xviii+415. \$2.25.
- REINHARDT, KARL. *Poseidonios*. Munich: Oskar Beck. Pp. 474. M. 75.
- ROBINSON, C. E. *The Genius of the Greek Drama: Three Plays*. (Abridged versions of the Agamemnon of Aeschylus, the Antigone of Sophocles, and the Medea of Euripides, adapted for presentation on the stage.) London: H. Milford. Pp. 96. 2s.
- SABIN, F. E. *Classical Associations of Places in Italy*. Published by the author, 405 N. Henry St., Madison, Wisconsin. Pp. 526.
- SCOTT, H. F., and CARR, W. L. *The Development of Language*: An elementary study of language history and of the growth of our speech for use in schools. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. Pp. 215.
- WILAMOWITZ-MOELLENDORF, ULRICH VON. *Griechische Verskunst*. Berlin: Weidmann. Pp. xii+631. 80 M.
- XENOPHON. *Hellenica, Books VI and VII; Anabasis, Books I-III*, with an English translation by Carleton L. Bronson (Loeb Classical Library). New York: Putnam. Pp. 514. \$2.25 net.